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STRATHCONA CHRONICLE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1909

GOVERNMENT OFFICES

SUMMARY OF THE RAILWAY POLICY

By Premier Rutherford's railway policy announced in the legislature last evening, a total of 1,681 miles of branch lines in the province will receive guarantee of bonds, with a total guarantee of $27,433,000. This includes 853 miles of Canadian Northern branches guaranteed at $13,000 per mile, total guarantee $11,050,000; a total of 491 miles of Grand Trunk Pacific branch lines guaranteed at $13,000 per mile, total guarantee $6,383,000; and 350 miles of road of the Alberta and Great Waterways Co. guaranteed at $20,000 per mile, total guarantee $7,000,000, with an additional guarantee of $400,000 on terminals at Edmonton.

Roads Receiving Guarantee

Grand Trunk Pacific branches, 491 miles.

A line from Wainwright to Calgary to Coutts, 451 miles, and a line from a point on the G.T.P. line between Calgary and Lethbridge to Macleod, 40 miles.

Canadian Northern branches, 920 miles.

A line from Strathcona to Calgary, to the confluence of the Little Bow and Belly rivers, and south to Lethbridge, 355 miles, with a branch from the crossing of the Little Bow south through Macleod to southern boundary of the province, 110 miles.

A line from Vegreville to Camrose and on to Calgary.

Also a branch from a point on the last mentioned branch near Macleod, west to the western boundary to Coleman, 65 miles.

Also a branch from point between Cardston and south boundary on one of the lines mentioned, west to the western boundary, 35 miles.

A line from a point at or near Content, westerly through Red Deer, a distance of 60 miles.

A line from a point on the Canadian Northern Railway, at or near Vermillion, in the province of Alberta, in a Northwesterly direction, to or near Whitford Lake, a distance of about 40 miles.

A line from a point between Morinville and the north boundary of township 61, on the Edmonton and Slave Lake Railway, in an easterly direction, a distance of 40 miles.

Also a line from Calgary through Cochrane to eastern boundary of the National Park, 50 miles.

A line from Edmonton towards the Peace River, 50 miles.

A line from Morinville to Athabasca Landing, 65 miles.

Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, 350 miles.

A line from Edmonton north to Lac La Biche, and to Fort McMurray.

A line from Calgary to eastern boundary of the national park at Banff, 50 miles.

The Mileage to be Built This Year

One hundred and twenty-five miles of the Canadian Northern lines guaranteed must be constructed this year. All of the lines are to be completed by December 31st, 1911.

Fifty miles of the Grand Trunk Pacific lines to be guaranteed must be completed this year. All of the lines must be completed by December 31st, 1911.

The charter of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway Co., compels them to commence construction this spring, and have all their line ready for traffic in four years. Upon the completion of each successive fifty miles of their line they must inaugurate a passenger and freight service.

CENSOR SUPPRESSES BURLESQUE PLAY.

"Englishman's Home" is Parodied, but Censor Objects.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—The censor of plays has forbidden the production at the Apollo theatre of the burlesque of Du Maurier's, "An Englishman's Home," the burlesque would have occupied eight minutes. The humor turned on the big alien population of London and other large cities in England.

In the burlesque, the commander of the invasion bursting into the Englishman's home finds in the tenant his long lost uncle. After mutual explanations of surprise the uncle asked what the invading force came for. The nephew replied, "To take England," whereupon the uncle says: "You are too late. We have taken England long ago."

The lessee of the Apollo theatre says he cannot imagine any objection to the burlesque, it neither ridicules the patriotic Englishman nor offends any foreign power. The censor gives no reason for his suppression of the burlesque.

BOURASSA SLATES HIS OWN PEOPLE.

MONTREAL, Feb. 25.—Addresing a large audience at the Monument National tonight, Mr. Henri Bourassa, M. L.A., explained that he was leaving the federal arena to enter the field of provincial politics with the opening of the Quebec legislature next week, because of the mean basis on which party affairs had been conducted. He referred to the English electorate, saying that it was the wholesale changes of government in that country that had resulted in the public opinion there being on a higher plane than in any country in the world. In this country it was not a question of high politics, but as to how many judges, how many portfolios and how many offices province of Quebec was entitled to. He thought that French Canada would occupy a proper and commanding place in the public life of the Dominion if she would place her house in order, for when Quebec could rule herself in keeping with her faith and past traditions, then, and then only, would she be able to take a proper position among the other provinces. He also stated that if Canada was to be prevented from being over-run by 20 th century American ideas and retain the British as he wanted it to, they must unite with him and support the doctrines which he championed, which were those of civic and religious liberty. The big hall was crowded to the doors and the nationalist leader was cherred to the echo.

RESULT OF BONSPIEL GAMES

Yesterday's and today's scores in the obnspiel are as follows:

CALGARY BREWING CUP

Nine o'clock Draw.

Jones 11, Jex 9,
Savage 11, Weir 9.
Walker, G. W., 5, Downes 12.
Stevenson, W. G., 10, Congdon, 14.
Telford 12, W. Irwin 5.
Good 10, Brunton 0 (by default)
Ibbotson 5, Ketchum 11.
McCauley 6, Douglas 10.
Sheppard 12, Secord 9.
Irwin, D., 14, Duggan 2.
Walker 7, Galgraith 10.
Scott 7, Baalim 10.
Stovel 10, Fraser 5.
May 10, Mats 0, (by default.)
McLean 7, McKenzie 5.
Telford 4, Nairn 7.
Savage 8, Congdon 9.
Morris 5, Good 10.

GRAND CHALLENGE

Mats 8, Bowen 13.
Duggan 16, McKinley 4.
Savage 10, Congdon 6.
Irwin, D., 9, Jex, 8.
Fraser 12, Walker 5.
Dunlop 6, McLean 9.
May 8, Jones 9.
Telford 4, Sheppard 16.

VISITORS' COMPETITION

Col. Walker 8, A. G. Stephenson, 10.
Jex 9, Steaven 2.

CECIL HOTEL

Telford vs. W. G. Stephenson.
McLean 6, Nairn 10.
Jones 18, Morris 16.
Ibbotson 9, Sheppard 17.
Galbraith 6, Baalim 7.
Rix 6, Sheppard 11.

11 o'clock draw.

Walker, G. W., vs. Fraser, still playing at early hour this morning.

McDOUGALL CUP.

McKenzie 7, Fraser 9.
Slater 9, Dunlop 10.

1.30 draw.

W. Irwin 6, Jones 7.
W. Irwin 13, A. D. Stephenson 9.

6.30 draw.

Hart 7, Fraser 11.
Stephenson, W. J., 8, Weir 16.
Downes 14, Congdon 3.
Walker 9, May 2.
Baalim 8, Sheppard 13.

FARMERS ARE DISSATISFIED.

Premier Discusses Journal Editorial—Overdraft at Bank to Meet Capital Deficit.

After a somewhat bitter opposition from Robertson, of the Opposition, the legislature yesterday passed the premier's resolution calling upon the Dominion government to deal with the initial elevator system, by making provision for government ownership and operation of the grain elevators in Alberta, or as an alternative, to confer upon the provinces, by either Dominion or Imperial legislation, the power to fully deal with the question of storage transportation and grading of grain.

Robertson held that the Government was not going far enough in the resolution. The farmers were not only dissatisfied with the storage of grain; they were dissatisfied with the entire system. He looked upon the reply of the three western premiers to the grain growers as a subterfuge.

Premier—"I think that is unparliamentary language. It should be remembered that there was a Conservative premier interested."

Robertson—"If a Conservative premier took a stand against the farmers I should condemn him."

Premier—"I was objecting to that word 'subterfuge.'"

Robertson considered he was within parliamentary bounds. There was no reason why the government should want a monopoly of the elevators. Let them go into business as a company would, and erect a series of elevators. He characterized the resolution as mere election material.

Boyle (Sturgeon) said from what he knew of the farmers' view of the question, they did not coincide with Robertson's views. Before the farmers had appealed to the western premiers to take over the elevators as a government monopoly they had apealed to the

Robertson atempted to make a reply but was ruled out of order. "I see it's a case of twenty-four against one," he said, "and an attempt to throttle that Dominion government. They knew where the juridiction lay. He pointed out the experience of Manitoba farmers in erecting elevators and competing with private elevators. The farmers who built elevators merely for storage purposes and maintained them on storage fees would not compete with the private elevators which had been erected with a primary motive of giving the owners an opportunity of dealing in grain, and not for storage purposes only. These could afford to cut storage fees while the farm-

Continued on page 8

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867
B. E. WALKER, President | Paid-up Capital, $10,000,000
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager | Reserve Fund, - 6,000,000
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The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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(Continued.)

She wrung her hands. "That's what uncle feared before we left Seattle. That's why I took the risks I did in bringing you those papers. I thought you got them in time to avoid all this."

Struve laughed a bit, eying her curiously.

"Does Uncle Arthur know about this?" she continued.

"No; we don't let him know anything more than necessary. He's not a strong man."

"Yes, yes. He's not well." Again the lawyer smiled. "Who is behind this vigilante movement?"

"We think it is Glenister and his New Mexican bandit partner. At least they got the crowd together." She was silent for a time.

"I suppose they really think they own those mines."

"Undoubtedly."

"But they don't, do they?" Somehow this question had recurred to her insistently of late, for things were constantly happening which showed there was more back of this great, fierce struggle than she knew. It was impossible that injustice had been done the mine owners, and yet scattered talk reached her which was puzzling. When she strove to follow it up, her acquaintances adroitly changed the subject. She was baffled on every side. The three local newspapers upheld the court. She read them carefully and was more at sea than ever. There was a disturbing undercurrent of alarm and unrest that caused her to feel insecure, as though standing on hollow ground.

"Yes, this whole disturbance is caused by those two. Only for them we'd be all right."

"Who is Miss Malotte?"

He answered promptly, "The handsomest woman in the north and the most dangerous."

"In what way? Who is she?"

"It's hard to say who or what she is. She's different from other women. She came to Dawson in the early days—just came—we didn't know how, whence or why, and we never found out. We woke up one morning, and there she was. By night we were all jealous, and in a week we were most of us driveling idiots. It might have been the mystery or perhaps the competition. That was the day when a dance hall girl could make a home stake in a winter or marry a millionaire in a month, but she never bothered. She toiled not, neither did she spin on the waxed floors, yet Solomon in all his glory would have looked like a tramp beside her."

"You say she is dangerous?"

"Well, there was a young nobleman, in the winter of '98, Dane, I think—fine family and all that—big yellow haired boy. He wanted to marry her, but a faro dealer shot him. Then there was Rock of the mounted police, the finest officer in the service. He was cashiered. She knew he was going to pot for her, but she didn't seem to care—and there were others. Yet, with it all, she is the most generous person and the most tender hearted. Why, she has fed every 'stew bum' on the Yukon, and there isn't a busted prospector in the country who wouldn't swear by her, for she has grubstaked dozens of them. I was horribly in love with her myself. Yes, she's dangerous all right—to everybody but Glenister."

"What do you mean."

"She had been across the Yukon to nurse a man with scurvy, and coming back she was caught in the spring breakup. I wasn't there, but it seems this Glenister got her ashore somehow when nobody else would tackle the job. They were carried five miles downstream in the ice pack before he succeeded."

"What happened then?"

"She fell in love with him, of course."

"And he worshiped her as madly as all the rest of you, I suppose," she said scornfully.

"That's the peculiar part. She hypnotized him at first, but he ran away, and I didn't hear of him again till I came to Nome. She followed him finally and last week evened up her score. She paid him back for saving her."

"I haven't heard about it."

He detailed the story of the gambling episode at the Northern saloon and concluded: "I'd like to have seen that turn, for they say the excitement was terrific. She was keeping cases and at the finish slammed her case keeper shut and declared the bet off because she had made a mistake. Of course they couldn't dispute her, and she stuck to it. One of the bystanders told me she lied, though."

"So, in addition to his other vices, Mr. Glenister is a reckless gambler, is he?" said Helen with heat. "I am proud to be indebted to such a character. Truly this country breeds wonderful species."

"There's where you're wrong," Struve chuckled. "He's never been known to bet before."

"Oh, I'm tired of these contradictions!" she cried angrily. "Saloons, gambling halls, scandals, adventuresses! Ugh! I hate it! I hate it! Why did I ever come here?"

"Those things are a part of every new country. They were about all we had till this year. But it is women like you that we fellows need, Miss Helen. You can help us a lot." She did not like the way he was looking at her and remembered that her uncle was upstairs and asleep.

"I must ask you to excuse me now, for it's late and I am very tired."

The clock showed half past 12, so, after letting him out, she extinguished the light and dragged herself wearily up to her room. She removed her outer garments and threw over her bare shoulders a negligee of many flounces and bewildering, clinging looseness. As she took down her heavy braids the story of Cherry Malotte returned to her tormentingly. So Glenister had saved her life also at the risk of his own. What a very gallant cavalier he was, to be sure! He should bear a coat of arms—a dragon, an armed knight and a fainting maiden. "I succor ladies in distress—handsome ones," should be the motto on his shield. "The handsomest woman in the north," Struve had said. She raised her eyes to the glass and made a mouth at the petulant, tired reflection there. She pictured Glenister leaping from floe to floe with the hungry river surging and snapping at his feet, while the cheers of the crowd on shore gave heart to the girl crouching out there. She could see him snatch her up and fight his way back to safety over the plunging ice cakes with death dragging at his heels. What a strong embrace he had! At this she blushed and realized with a shock that while she was mooning that very man might be fighting hand to hand in the darkness of a mountain gorge with the man she was going to marry.

A moment later some one mounted the front steps below and knocked sharply. Truly this was a night of alarms. Would people never cease coming? She was worn out, but at the thought of the tragedy abroad and the sick old man sleeping near by she lit a candle and slipped downstairs to avoid disturbing him. Doubtless it was some message from McNamara, she thought, as she unchained the door.

As she opened it she fell back amazed while it swung wide and the candle flame flickered and sputtered in the night air. Roy Glenister stood there, grim and determined, his soft, white Stetson pulled low, his trousers tucked into tan half boots, in his hand a Winchester rifle. Beneath his corduroy coat she saw a loose cartridge belt, yellow with shells, and the nickeled flash of a revolver. Without invitation he strode across the threshold, closing the door behind him.

"Miss Chester, you and the judge must dress quickly and come with me."

"I don't understand."

"The vigilantes are on their way here to hang him. Come with me to my house, where I can protect you."

She laid a trembling hand on her bosom, and the color died out of her face, then at a slight noise above they both looked up to see Judge Stillman leaning far over the banister. He had wrapped himself in a dressing gown and now gripped the rail convulsively, while his features were blanched to the color of putty and his eyes were wide with terror, though puffed and swollen from sleep. His lips moved in a vain endeavor to speak.

CHAPTER XV.

ON the morning after the episode in the Northern, Glenister awoke under a weight of discouragement and desolation. The past twenty-four hours with their manifold experiences seemed distant and unreal. At breakfast he was ashamed to tell Dextry of the gambling debauch, for he had dealt treacherously with the old man in risking half of the mine, even though they had checked the senseless, unreasoning lust for play that possessed him later. This lapse was the last stand of his old, untamed instincts. The embers of revolt in him were dead. He felt that he would never again lose mastery of himself, that his passions would never best him hereafter.

Dextry spoke. "We had a meeting of the 'Stranglers' last night." He always spoke of the vigilantes in that way, because of his early western training.

"What was done?"

"They decided to act quick and do any odd jobs of lynchin', claim jumpin' or such as needs doin'. There's a lot of law sharps and storekeepers in the bunch who figure McNamara's gang will wipe them off the map next."

"It was bound to come to this."

"They talked of ejectin' the receiver's men and puttin' all us fellers back on our mines."

"Good! How many can we count on to help us?"

"About sixty. We've kept the number down and only taken men with so much property that they'll have to keep their mouths shut."

"I wish we might engineer some kind of an encounter with the court crowd and create such an uproar that it would reach Washington. Everything else has failed, and our last chance seems to be for the government to step in—that is, unless Bill Wheaton can do something with the California courts."

"I don't count on him. McNamara don't care for California courts no more'n he would for a boy with a pea shooter—he's got too much pull at headquarters. If the 'Stranglers' don't do no good we'd better go in an' clean out the bunch like we was killin' snakes. If that fails I'm goin' out to the States an' be a doctor."

"A doctor! What for?"

"I read somewhere that in the United States every year there is 40,000,000 gallons of whisky used for medical purposes."

Glenister laughed. "Speaking of whisky, Dex, I notice that you've been drinking pretty hard of late—that is, hard for you."

The old man shook his head. "You're mistaken. It ain't hard for me."

"Well, hard or easy, you'd better cut it out."

It was some time later that one of the detectives employed by the Swedes met Glenister on Front street and by an almost imperceptible sign signified his desire to speak with him. When they were alone he said:

"You've been shadowed."

"I've known that for a long time."

"The district attorney has put on some new men. I've fixed the woman who rooms next to him, and through her I've got a line on some of them, but I haven't spotted them all. They're bad ones, 'up river' men mostly, remnants of Soapy Smith's Skagway gang. They won't stop at anything."

"Thank you. I'll keep my eyes open."

A few nights after Glenister had reason to recall the words of the sleuth and to realize that the game was growing close and desperate. To reach his cabin, which sat on the outskirts of the town, he ordinarily followed one of the plank walks which wound through the confusion of tents, warehouses and cottages lying back of the two principal streets along the water front. This part of the city was not laid out in rectangular blocks, for in the early rush the first comers had seized whatever pieces of ground they found vacant and erected thereon some kind of buildings to make good their titles. There resulted a formless jumble of huts, cabins and sheds, penetrated by no cross streets and quite unlighted. At night one leaving the illuminated portion of the town found this darkness intensified.

Glenister knew his course so well that he could have walked it blindfolded. Nearing a corner of the warehouse this evening he remembered that the planking at this point was torn up, so to avoid the mud he leaped lightly across. Simultaneously with his jump he detected a movement in the shadows that banked the wall at his elbow and saw the flaming spurt of a revolver shot. The man had crouched behind the building and was so close that it seemed impossible to miss. Glenister fell heavily upon his side, and the thought flashed over him, "McNamara's thugs have shot me."

His assailant leaped out from his hiding place and ran down the walk, the sound of his quick, soft footfalls thudding faintly out into the silence. The young man felt no pain, however, so scrambled to his feet, felt himself over with care and then swore roundly. He was untouched. The other had missed him cleanly. The report, coming while he was in the act of leaping, had startled him so that he had lost his balance, slipped upon the wet boards and fallen. His assailant was lost in the darkness before he could rise. Pursuit was out of the question, so he continued homeward, considerably shaken, and related the incident to Dextry.

"You think it was some of McNamara's work, eh?" Dextry inquired when he had finished.

"Of course. Didn't the detective warn me today?"

Dextry shook his head. "It don't seem like the game is that far along yet. The time is coming when we'll go to the mat with them people, but they've got the sige on us now, so what could they gain by putting you away? I don't believe it's them, but whoever it is you'd better be careful or you'll be got."

"Suppose we come home together after this," Roy suggested, and they arranged to do so, realizing that danger lurked in the dark corners and that it was in some such lonely spot that the deed would be tried again. They experienced no trouble for a time, though on nearing their cabin one night the younger man fancied that he saw a shadow glide away from its vicinity and out into the blackness of the tundra as though some one had stood at his very door waiting for him, then became frightened at the two figures approaching. Dextry had not observed it, however, and Glenister was not positive himself, but it served to give him the uncanny feeling that some determined, unscrupulous force was bent on his destruction. He determined to go nowhere unarmed.

A few evenings later he went home early and was busied in writing when Dextry came in about 10 o'clock. The old miner hung up his coat before speaking, lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, then, amid mouthfuls of smoke, began:

"I had my own toes over the edge tonight. I was mistook for you, which compliment I don't aim to have repeated."

Glenister questioned him eagerly.

"We're about the same height, an' these hats of ours are alike. Just as I came by that lumber pile down yonder a man hopped out an' throwed a 'gat' under my nose. He was quicker than light and near blowed my skelp into the next block before he saw who I was. Then he dropped his weepon and said:

"'My mistake. Go on.' I accepted his apology."

"Could you see who he was?"

"Sure! Guess."

"I can't."

"It was Bronco Kid."

"Lord!" ejaculated Glenister. "Do you think he's after me?"

"He ain't after nobody else, an' take my word for it, it's got nothin' to do with McNamara nor that gamblin' row. He's too game for that. There's some other reason."

This was the first mention Dextry had made of the night at the Northern.

"I don't know why he should have it in for me. I never did him no favors," Glenister remarked cynically.

"Well, you watch out anyhow. I'd sooner face McNamara an' all the crooks he can hire than that gambler."

During the next few days Roy undertook to meet the proprietor of the Northern face to face, but the Kid had vanished completely from his haunts. He was not in his gambling hall at night nor on the street by day. The young man was still looking for him on the evening of the dance at the hotel when he chanced to meet one of the vigilantes, who inquired of him:

"Aren't you late for the meeting?"

"What meeting?"

After seeing that they were alone the other stated:

"There's an assembly tonight at 11 o'clock. Something important, I think. I supposed, of course, you knew about it."

"It's strange I wasn't notified," said Roy. "It's probably an oversight. I'll go along with you."

Together they crossed the river to the less frequented part of the town and knocked at the door of a large unlighted warehouse, flanked by a high board fence. The building faced the street, but was inclosed on the other three sides by this ten foot wall, inside of which were stored large quantities of coal and lumber. After some delay they were admitted and passing down through the dim lit, high banked lanes of merchandise came to the rear room, where they were admitted again. This compartment had been fitted up for the warm storage of perishable goods during the cold weather and, being without windows, made an ideal place for clandestine gatherings.

(To be Continued.)

Rats' Cold Weather Retreat.

Many animals snuggle together for warmth in bitter weather, as the squirrels and the rats. Those who go ratting in hedges and dells in the winter know they may try a dozen freshly used burrows without finding a rat, when suddenly from a single hole the rats will come pouring out in a stream of frenzied fur. Twenty or more rats will lie together in one hole.

They are clever enough to block up a hole on the windward side to keep out the draft, so that when a rat hole is noted newly stopped with soil, turnip leaves or grass here is almost certain indication that rats are within. Like the squirrels, they store food for winter, and the keeper may find it more difficult to secure his potatoes from frost than from the attack of the most numerous of his furred foes.—London Standard.

To Strengthen the Nerves

MAKE NERVE FORCE FROM RICH, RED BLOOD, AND BANISH DISEASES OF NERVES WITH

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Nerve force, like electricity, is hard to explain.

One thing is certain. Nerve force can only be created from rich, red blood.

Make the blood right and you cure diseases of the nerves, such as headache, indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability, weakness of the bodily organs, prostration and partial paralysis.

This is the only way actual cure can possibly be brought about and because Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is a great blood builder it accomplishes wonderful results in the cure of diseases of the nerves.

Mrs. Nooran, 19 Sullivan street, Halifax, N. S., writes:—

"My daughter was troubled last spring and summer with tired, listless feelings. She seemed to have no energy, was very pale, had no appetite, and became very nervous and weak. We were much alarmed about her, as nothing seemed to do her any good. It was not long, however, after beginning the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food until we began to see a marked improvement in her condition. Her color got better, she gained in weight and vigor, and her whole system seemed to be built up. She is quite well now, and we join in strongly recommending Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

The old saying that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is nowhere so applicable as in diseases of the nerves, and there was never so effective a preventive as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This is being proven every day in thousands of cases.

Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box. 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Willing to Concede That.

He—If you refuse me I shall blow out my brains.

She—Impossible.

He—Maybe you don't believe I have a pistol.

She—Oh! I dare say you have the pistol, all right.—Philadelphia Record.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of expert chemical experiments, undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption by destroying the germs that develop these diseases, and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of this Syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected Colds. A trial, which costs only 25 cents, will convince you that this is correct.

An Oklahoma man killed his brother for swearing. That particular offence was overlooked by the Oklahoma constitution, so the man felt that he had to attend to it himself.—Chicago News.

LITTLE LIVES LOST
HOW TO SAVE THEM

The annual report of the Registrar-General for Ontario shows that for every thousand children born one hundred and eleven die before they reach the age of one year. Most of these deaths are due to disorders of the stomach and bowels, and most of these little lives could be saved if mothers kept always at hand a safe and simple remedy like Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles but better still an occasional dose will prevent these troubles coming. Mrs. N. Shaffer, The Brook, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles and always find them satisfactory. I feel that my little ones are safe so long as I have this medicine in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Verena, is that young man out in the kitchen your first beau?" "For the land's sake, no mum! I'm his first sweetheart, though; that's why I find 'im interestin', mum."—Chicago Tribune.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

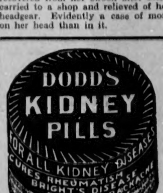
"You're the whole cheese with sis."

"Why do you say that, son?" inquired the gentleman caller.

"Sis gin me a nickel to."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A telegram from Munich gives details of what is described as "the first catastrophe of its kind on record"—the collapse in a busy street of a woman of fashion as a consequence of the heaviness of her hat. Under the weight of a gorgeous creation, nearly three feet in diameter, the woman, the telegram says, sank helplessly to the pavement, and only recovered from her swoon after being carried to a shop and relieved of her headgear. Evidently a case of more on her head than in it.



W. N. U. No. 727.

FUGITIVE SPAR BUOYS

Rescuing These Stray "Sticks" Is Perilous Work.

SIGNBOARDS OF CHANNELS.

How These Mariners' Guides Are Anchored and How They Sometimes Break Away and Are Hunted Down by the Lighthouse Service Tenders.

When the winter gales begin to blow, the tenders of the lighthouse service turn their stems toward northern seas to hunt stray spar buoys. Of all the work of the coast patrol this, perhaps, is the most exposed to danger. Pulling these "signboards" out of the sea or putting them over side is like "yanking" spiles with a ton derrick on a heaving platform.

Although passengers in the boats that ply the waters of New York harbor, Long Island sound and other waterways along the coast see many spar buoys, they give them little thought. With the man at the wheel it is different. Color, shape and size give him volumes of information, and he looks upon the spar buoy as an invaluable guide.

In the government inventories they are listed as "sticks," although they are sometimes sixty feet long. They are anchored in the bed of a river or harbor channel, their "up ends" painted in such a way as to indicate to the observer the formation of the bottom. On the margin of government charts explanatory notes tell one that vessels approaching a harbor from the sea should leave red buoys with even numbers on the right and black, with odd numbers on the left side of channels. Black and white striped buoys, the stripes running perpendicularly, mean an obstruction in the channel, with room to get by on either side. If balls or cages ornament the "up ends" it means a turning point, the color and number indicating the course.

These sticks are put down with heavy iron anchors and sometimes great stone weights. One would suppose that so fixed they never could get away, but they do, and it is a job to find them. Ice floes break their cables and sometimes crush the sticks; storms pull them loose, and ships in the fog or darkness foul them and tear them from their hold on the bottom. Not infrequently ships use them as moorings, although this is forbidden.

There are instances where the anchors of a spar buoy have been secure enough to hold against ice pressure and in a narrow channel cause a dangerous jam. But such cases are few, for when this happens the weight of the ice usually becomes so great as to force the buoy under, and the pack slides on.

If the ice pack gets under the buoy so as to lift it there is only one result—the parting of the cable. Then off starts the spar upon a journey maybe of thousands of miles, perhaps of only one or two. It may fetch up on the nearest shore, and it may drift to the coast of Europe or into the southern seas. On the Irish coast today is one which traveled there in six weeks from New York harbor. It was presented to the British government by the United States and now floats off the coast on which it stopped after its long Atlantic journey.

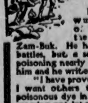
If it is a long chase to find the stray buoys it is even a more difficult task to recover the anchors left behind by the fugitive spars. Tenders that sail out of the harbor have a derrick and tackle rigged in front of the pilot house, with a donkey engine to lift and pull. The location of every buoy is marked on the charts to a degree, so it is not difficult to find the desired position. The serious business is dragging for the anchor and after grappling with it to hoist it aboard ship. Here the donkey engine comes into play. Another hazard is to pull a spar buoy aboard. If a sea happens to be running the captain of the tender has to use extreme care. Should a big roller get under him and suddenly tighten the lifting chains either they would give way or the weight would come up too fast, the crew in either case being placed in jeopardy of their lives.

But the risk these men run is all in the day's work. To them a job in a seaway on a lee shore is regarded as no more monotonous task than repainting a row of buoys on land.

A ROYAL DESPOT.

Wurttemberg Prince Who Sold His Subjects Like Cattle.

Cruel and despotic were some of the petty princes who ruled the fatherland before the Napoleonic wars swept them away. Charles Eugene of Wurttemburg, born in 1728, died in 1793 and during his sixty-five years of life tormented his parents, his wives and his subjects. His first consort, Fredericka of Beyreuth, was worthy of him. When entering Wurttemberg soon after their marriage the girls threw masses of flowers in front of them. "What do those dogs want?" the princess asked her husband. They were always quarreling and never spoke to each other without snarling. The prince was always short of money and sold 6,000 of his subjects to England to raise the wind. He took the poor wretches from the fields, clapped a uniform on them and sent them to their destination as if they were cattle. Once he called all the young men of a certain district before him and made the following speech: "My brave boys, do you want to go to fight in the ranks of the English heroes against the savages of the continent?" No reply was made for the moment. Then a number of the youths stepped forward, and one of them said, "We do not want to be sold like sheep." The prince promptly gave orders for two of them to be seized, put against a wall and shot at once. Then while the blood was running from the mutilated bodies of the two unfortunates the prince by divine right said: "Run away. You see I do not want to impose my will on you. I think of your welfare like a father does of his children. You want to fight by the side of the valorous English." All consented. Schiller heard his father tell this story, and he himself related it in a scene of one of his plays.



A War Correspondent's Exciting Adventures

WHAT HE OWES TO ZAM-BUK.

Mr. Frank Scudamore, the great war correspondent, who sent many of the Canadian despatches during the late Boer War, owes his health to Zam-Buk. He has passed unscathed through 29 battles, but a scratch which turned to blood-poisoning nearly ended his days. Zam-Buk saved him and he writes as follows:—

"I have proved Zam-Buk such a blessing that I want others to know of its merits. The poisonous dye in some underclothing I was wearing got into a scratch I had sustained and blood-poisoning set up. Inflammation was followed by great pain and swelling, and then ulcers broke out on my legs. For some time I could not walk a few steps nor even put my feet to the ground. On my left leg below the knee I had seventeen ulcers which caused holes, into which I could put my thumb. On the right leg I had fourteen ulcers. Medical treatment failed to relieve, homely remedies were applied in vain. Week followed week and I gradually got worse, until I was worn out with pain and lack of sleep. On the advice of a friend I obtained some Zam-Buk and left off everything else while I tried it. It seemed to give me almost instant relief from the pain, and in a few days I noticed that it was healing some of the ulcers. This was cheering indeed, and gladly I persevered with the Zam-Buk treatment. Bit by bit the poisonous matter was drawn out. The ulcers were healed, and new healthy skin grew over the previously diseased places. I am now quite cured, and in gratitude, I mention these facts that other sufferers from skin disease may know of something which will cure them.

Zam-Buk differs entirely from ordinary ointments and salves, as the above facts clearly prove. For all skin diseases ulcers, abscesses, scalp sores, ringworm, children's sore heads cuts, burns, bruises, etc., it is a speedy cure. It also cures eczema, itch, piles, blood-poisoning, face-blemishes, barber's rash, etc., cold sores, chapped hands, and frost bite. Rubbed well into the parts affected, it cures rheumatism, neuralgia, and sciatica. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price 3 boxes for $ 1.25.

ZAM-BUK
THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

Miss Chellus: Did he like the duets we sang?

Miss Byrd: I can't decide from what he said.

Miss Chellus: Oh, I suppose you think he liked your voice best.

Miss Byrd: Well, really, I don't know exactly what he meant. He said I sang well, but that you were better still.—Philadelphia Press.

One of the commonest complaints of infants is worms, and the most effective application for them is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Maud—I noticed that you had Jack Clubberly to church with you last Sunday.

Belle—Yes, and the poor heathen is so unused to going that he wanted the usher to check his coat and hat.—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

Mrs. Newlyed: Cook has burned the bacon, dear; she is so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast?

Mr. Newlywed: All right, call her in!—Ideas.

THE PERUNA ALMANAC.

The druggists have already been supplied with the Peruna almanac for 1909. In addition to the regular astronomical matter usually furnished in almanacs, the articles on astrology are very attractive to most people. The mental characteristics of each sign are given with faithful accuracy. A list of lucky and unlucky days will be furnished to those who have our almanacs, free of charge. Address The Peruna Co., Columbus, O.

"Why are you always quarrelling with your wife?"

"She is always arguing with me."

"But you need not get angry. Just explain to her in a gentle tone where she is wrong."

"But she is never wrong."—Washington Opinion.

She (indignantly)—"Why did you fail to keep your appointment with me yesterday?"

He—I'm awfully sorry, but I was compelled to wait in a restaurant until it was too late.

She (icily) — Pardon me, but I thought you had a position in a bank. I wasn't aware that you were a waiter.—Chicago Daily News.

Small but Potent.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are small, but they are effective in action. Their fine qualities as a corrector of stomach troubles are known to thousands and they are in constant demand everywhere by those who know what a safe and simple remedy they are. They need no introduction to those acquainted with them, but to those who may not know them they are presented as the best preparation on the market for disorders of the stomach.

"After all," said the British manufacturer, on a visit to America, "there's nothing here that we haven't in England."

"You're mistaken," replied the native; "there's one thing you don't seem able to make in England."

"What is that, pray?"

"Haste."—Catholic Standard and Times.

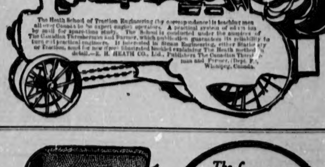
Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

This is a Sargent story: A millionaire of coarse extraction went to Mr. Sargent's studio and had his portrait done. When the portrait was finished, the millionaire looked at it closely, and then said with a frown, "Not bad, Mr. Sargent; not at all bad, but you've left out one most essential feature." Mr. Sargent bit his lips to hide a smile. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I thought you wouldn't care to have the er—er—warts produced." The millionaire, purple with rage, shouted: "Confound it, sir, I'm talking about the diamond rings and pins—not the warts!"

RAW FURS

Write for Weekly Price Lists. Shipments Solicited.

JOHN HALLAM TORONTO, ONT.



LEARN STEAM ENGINEERING

The Heath School of Traction Engineering (by correspondence) is teaching men all over Canada to be expert engine operators. A practical system of education by mail for spare-time study. The School is conducted under the auspices of The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer, which publication guarantees its reliability to turn out practical engineers. If interested in Steam Engineering, either Stationary or Traction, send for new (free) illustrated booklet explaining The Heath method in detail.—E. H. HEATH CO., Ltd., Publishers The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer, (Dept. F.), Winnipeg, Canada.

FINE
Elmira
FELT
SHOES

The famous Elmira Felt Shoes unequalled for style, fit, or finish.

The trademark, as shown, is on the sole of every genuine Elmira. 40

Sold by Dealers Throughout the West.

IS THIS THE NAMELESS HERO of "THE VIRGINIAN"?

HAS ALL THE EARMARKS AND BRANDS, OWEN WISTER ADMITS

SEVERAL weeks ago a Philadelphia policeman, Charles D. Skirden by name, shot and killed a boy while endeavoring to clear a street corner of a crowd. When he was brought before the coroner's jury there appeared Owen Wister, the distinguished novelist, and General Charles C. Hood, of the United States Army, retired, both of whom testified to Skirden's good character and record for bravery.

Skirden, who claimed that he shot the young man in self-defense, was exonerated by the coroner's jury, but was arrested later on complaint of the boy's parents, and his case was sent to court by the examining magistrate.

"That man," declared Mr. Wister, who undertook the policeman's defense before the coroner's jury, "embodies all the characteristics of the hero of my novel, 'The Virginian.' While no person was the actual prototype of the character, Skidren, more than any man, embodies the type. I met him in the autumn of 1893 while on a visit to Fort Bowie, Arizona. I often hunted with him, and he was absolutely fearless, but exceptionally quiet and peace-loving."

Skirden, who has pursued the quiet tenor of a policeman's life in the East for several years, made a record of heroism during the Spanish-American war. At one time he was known throughout a large part of the West as one of the best shots, fastest riders, strongest wrestlers and most expert lassoers in that section. On more than one occasion he is said to have avenged insults to women—readers remember that the Virginian killed Trampas, who had spoken lightly of his sweetheart.

Policeman Charles D. Skirden, Who Possesses the Virginian's Characteristics.

Owen Wister Author of The Virginian.

Slim Jim, Skirden's Indian Chum of the Plains

Ready to Repel an Indian Attack, (Skirden Standing)

Indian Women of the Country Where Skirden Served as a Soldier

---

> Lounging there at ease against the wall was a slim young giant, more beautiful than pictures. His broad soft hat was pushed back; a loose-knotted dull scarlet handkerchief sagged from his throat, and one casual thumb was hooked in the cartridge belt that slanted across his hips.
>
> He had plainly come many miles from somewhere across the vast horizon, as the dust upon him showed. His boots were white with it. His overalls were gray with it. The weather-beaten bloom of his face shone through it duskily, as the ripe peaches look upon trees in their dry season. But no dinginess of travel or shabbiness of attire could tarnish the splendor that radiated from his youth and strength.—Owen Wister's description of The Virginian.

POLICEMAN SKIRDEN has been connected with the Nineteenth District Police Station in Philadelphia. He patrolled a section which, it was said, for a long time had been terrorized by a gang of roughs. His strength and bravery were known, and he was placed there to cope with the disturbers. It was while he routed a gang one night that, he claims, they turned upon him and he whipped out a revolver. His friends, including Mr. Wister, General Hood, City Controller John M. Walton and others, declared that Skirden would not shoot unless he was compelled to do so—but when he did shoot he never missed. In the West, it is said, he never missed his mark.

Policeman Skirden was at his home several weeks ago sitting in his parlor with his little flaxen-haired girl on his knee. In the kitchen his wife was preparing dinner.

"You have a pleasant little home here, Mr. Skirden," a visitor remarked. "Don't you like it better than life out in the West?"

"Oh, it's nice here, but if I could do it I'd go out West again in a minute. People are honest out there."

"But didn't you find it lonely—wandering about for months in the wilderness?"

"Lonely!" he exclaimed, "why I was never lonely in the West. It's been right here in Philadelphia I first felt loneliness in my life. Why, a man who lives in the woods has more company than one has in a city. He learns to know what the wild animals talk about and what the birds say; they become his friends, and he can read nature. That's real education."

Skirden, like the hero of "The Virginian," is tall; he is wiry and strong. He has the loose, easy gait of the westerner. His face is rugged—once doubtless handsome—his eyes are softly blue; his expression is gentle. His brows beetle fiercely over those gentle eyes, yet his voice, in strange contradiction to his face is so soft that, talking to him, one recalls the scene in Mr. Wister's book:

> It was now the Virginian's turn to bet or leave the game, and he did not speak at once.
>
> Therefore Trampas spoke. "You bet, you son of a ——."
>
> The Virginian's pistol came out, and his hand lay on the table, holding it unaimed. And with a voice as gentle as ever, the voice that sounded like a caress, but drawling a very little more than usual, so that there was almost a space between each word, he issued his orders to the man Trampas:
>
> "When you say that, smile." And he looked at Trampas across the table.

In a gentle voice the cowboy friend of Owen Wister told the story of his life in the West.

"I was left to shift for myself when I was a youngster," declared the tall, lanky man, a reminiscent twinkle in his eyes. "I traveled around New Mexico and Arizona, stopping at ranches and making friends with the Indians.

"Yes, I was left to shift from the time I was 6 or 7 years old. I learned everything. By the time I was 14 I was a carpenter, blacksmith, brickmaker, adobe builder, builder of stone shanties; I could punch cows, lasso horses, shoot and never miss my mark, and fight so well that whenever there was trouble with Indians they always sent me.

"As I got older I put my skill principally into horsemanship and handling men. I had no trouble working on ranches and taking care of the boys. I'm not boasting, but nobody ever got the best of me in wrestling or throwing the lasso, and I could cover more ground on a horse than any man in the West. Why, I'd ride six or eight horses plumb tired in a day. How much ground could I cover? Oh, 125 or 150 miles.

"You see, out West in those days when our horses got tired we'd ride up to a lot of horses, lasso fresh ones, and ride off. When those tired we'd lasso others. Those released would wander back to their own places. I took good care of myself. I never drank. The other fellows often drank mescal. You know that made 'em plumb crazy.

"Whenever a new settlement started they'd call on me to come around. Indians were bad then. And there were lots of them around—there were the Papagos, White Mountain Indians, Apaches, St. Carlos, Yumatilles and Colorado Indians and others. I had many single-handed engagements with them. Sometimes when there was war I'd go through a camp at night. I'd take my blanket, cut it up and wrap it about my horse's hoofs. Often I was hemmed in by Indians, but I always made my escape. One had to be mighty slick sometimes.

"One trick I did when I was hemmed in was to try to make my escape at night in this way: Sentinels were all around me. I'd been down in the bushes. I'd take out my bowie knife and cut off a couple of the bushes in which I lay and fasten them to my shoulders. Then I'd creep along. The Indians would see the bushes moving and think the wind was rustling them. Then when I'd come to another kind of bush I'd fasten some of them to my shoulder. And by slowly moving along I'd escape. Then I'd have to be careful not to go out on an elevation, for the Indians always watched the horizon, and a man outlined against the sky made a good target.

"I'd take my shoes off, too, for I'd known Indians who could hear a man walking two miles away by listening on the ground. And they'd know in what direction he was going. I could always hear a horse trotting a half mile away, and could tell how fast and in what direction he was traveling. A man's senses get mighty acute living that life.

"Did I have many engagements with Indians? At least two or three every year.

"One of the worst I ever had was when I was wounded and was twenty miles from water. I was fifty miles from help. The Indians were so strong I didn't dare show myself. So I lay in the grass and picked off an Indian whenever I could. Every morning I had a battle. I could travel only at night, and in three days made fifty miles. I killed about eighteen, I guess, and finally they disbanded. That fight was on the Sansemone Flat, in Arizona. I shall never forget it. I was nearly overcome with thirst and suffering from my wounds.

"On another occasion I learned the Indians planned to attack a family by the name of Dodson who had settled in the foothills of the Santa Catalina mountains. I knew that if no one came to their rescue they'd be killed and their place burned. Well, I went there as fast as a horse could carry me. It was night when I arrived and Indians had surrounded the house. I got busy with my Winchester, and just picked off twenty-three as nicely as could be. And they got busy and left. I saved the family.

"I had one engagement with Geronimo. I was alone when I met him in the near Bloody Tanks, and he had twelve warriors with him. Well, I fought them to a standstill and they were glad to leave. After that Geronimo had great regard for me, and I was always a welcome guest at his camp."

"How about the story of the Virginian killing the man Trampas, who had slighted his sweetheart? Did you ever kill a man for insulting a woman?"

The big man smiled. His reply was non-committal.

"Well, in those times when a man insulted a woman he had to go and apologize or fight. If the dirty skunk didn't ask her pardon we'd think it our duty to make a mess of him. I was never a masher, though," he commented, "and I don't believe I ever tipped my hat to a woman twelve times in my life."

In those days the hardy young cowpuncher used to leave civilization for months at a time and wander about in untraveled country. Once he was away from civilization for eighteen months.

"I'd work at times until I got enough money to get a grub-stake—say about thirty or forty dollars—and I'd buy a sack of flour, bacon, beans, coffee and ammunition and some other things and start off to hunt and prospect for gold. Out there in the wilderness I'd become friends with all the animals.

"I learned to talk with them, too, and could imitate their calls. I could give a whistle that would scare away all animals within a radius of a mile within a minute, and I could imitate the turkey hen so that a gobbler would walk up to me. I could call a panther up to a distance of eighty feet. I could make a coyote come to me any hour of the night. I could bring a bear up to a distance where I'd want to kill him, and make antelopes come on a charge till they began to circle."

When Skirden, who was a corporal in Company I, Second Cavalry, met Mr. Wister fifteen years ago he was assigned by his captain to take the novelist, who was in search of material, about the country. On those trips he told Mr. Wister of his life and experiences and introduced him to his associates. They took long rides and hunting trips.

"Mr. Wister was a good rider," declares Skirden, "and that brought him up in my estimation. He wasn't like most eastern gentlemen who came out there and put on superior airs.

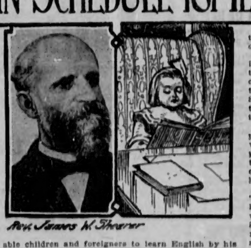
"Yes, I'd like to be out there again," the hero of many engagements confessed. "You've got more room. And there isn't so much treachery. Meet a man there and if he's got no use for you you know it. There's no 'Mister So-and-so,' and smirking and smiling and a readiness to stick a knife in your back. And there isn't the misery and falsehoods you find in the cities.

"Do I think I'm the Virginian?" he replied in answer to a question. "Well, as I've never read the book, I don't know if I am or not."

An EXPRESS TRAIN SCHEDULE for TEACHING READING

WITH the country interested in various schemes of simplifying spelling, and educators perplexing their brains to solve the problems of the language, a system of spelling, or rather of alphabetical reform, designed by a clergyman, by which he asserts a child can be taught to read within three months and a foreigner to read English in twelve lessons, comes with apparent timeliness.

The Rev. James W. Shearer believes that the necessary reform is not in spelling, but in the alphabet, and by means of his system he believes English can be made the universal language. By means of a New Testament printed in his system, he claims that missionaries can teach people in all parts of the world, of all nationalities, to read the word of God in English, and speedily, at that.



Rev. James W. Shearer

MR. SHEARER is a retired clergyman living at Somerville, N. J. In discussing spelling methods recently, he said:

"The Simplified Spelling Board, the latest born child of spelling reform, with its 300 words at first, and later 77, is but a drop in a sea of spelling reform, which was launched with great scholarly applause some thirty years ago. At that time one of the originators and advocates confidently told me that spelling reform would be accomplished within six years.

"So far as real spelling reform is concerned, the efforts failed. The latest attempt, financed by Mr. Carnegie, has degenerated into an effort to classify and arrange changes already suggested, and to a large part of the words already in common use.

"These efforts may help produce a language, just as time corrodes a great engine exposed to storms and rain. But before spelling reform is accomplished in this way the engine will have become disintegrated. The method is like cutting off a dog's tail by degrees.

"The difficulty is that educators have been looking in the wrong direction. What is needed is not a reform of spelling, but a reform of the alphabet."

This is what Mr. Shearer claims he has accomplished—a reformation of the alphabet which will enable children and foreigners to learn English by his system in double-quick time.

In his system Mr. Shearer has renamed the letters of the alphabet as they are sounded. For instance, "w" is ordinarily pronounced as if it were "double-you." Mr. Shearer contends that the letter should be pronounced as if it were "we." One-third of the consonant sounds, he says, are already rightly named, as are one-third of the vowel sounds. With the letters pronounced as they are used, various pronunciations, such as the short and long, are indicated by small signs over the letters.

In his system a dot is placed below silent letters. "In our language," he says, "there are nineteen vowel sounds and only five principal vowel letters, while we have only seventeen principal consonants to represent twenty-five consonantal sounds. By various signs thirty additional vowel sounds can be represented with our five letters."

With the alphabet placed on what he claims is a sensible basis a child or foreigner is not misled into learning to call letters in a manner different from the way they are pronounced in words. They will learn to read by sight. A child, he says, can learn the alphabet as he has arranged it as quickly as the ordinary alphabet.

Taking a child, and beginning with short words, in a few days it will be able to analyze words into their sounds by the ear. Then it will learn to associate the letters with their phonetic sounds. By the time a child has gone through the first reader, Mr. Shearer says, he will have become so familiar with the common words, he will be able to read without the guiding marks.

Mr. Shearer has spent more than thirty years in perfecting his system. While serving in the Stonewall Brigade, in the Civil War, he felt deeply the plight of the negroes who were struggling to learn to read. When he returned from the war he associated with two mute children who were raised in his family.

"To my surprise I found," declares the clergyman, "that although they never heard a word they could learn to read English more quickly than children who could hear and talk. I knew people would laugh if I told them my conclusion—that a child who could not hear the sound of a word could learn to read more quickly than those familiar with the sound and use.

"At last I found the solution in the fact that only thirty-three words in the entire language are pronounced as they are spelled by calling the names of the letters. Thus I saw that conseqhently the ear was a hindrance instead of a help in learning to spell English words. But I saw at the same time that this should not be the case in an alphabetical language where the letters professed to be based on the sounds heard in the words.

"After pondering long on the subject I saw that the only possible way to revise the science of phonetics and its results, was by renaming the letters so that their names would be their sounds."

A test of Mr. Shearer's system was made last July, in Hazleton, Pa., by D. A. Harman, superintendent of schools; H. L. Bullock, superintendent of mines, and Joseph B. Gabrio, superintendent of township schools. Three foreigners, two men and one woman, of ordinary intelligence, who could read but slightly in their own languages, Italian, Magyar and Polish, respectively, were examined. They received twelve lessons of one hour each from Mr. Shearer and were found to be able to read at sight selections from a third reader.

Some Curious Facts

AMONG freaks of nature in trees, there stands conspicuous one known as the Asiatic star tree. It is enormously tall, growing to a height of from sixty to eighty feet, while from the ground up to a distance of about forty feet the trunk is perfectly bare. From that point there spring a number of tangled limbs, which shoot out clusters of long, pointed leaves, and it is these, grouped together, that emit at night a clear phosphorescent light. This gives the tree a spectral appearance, and is very deceiving to travelers, who frequently mistake the glow for an illuminated window of a house. The light is not brilliant, but is of sufficient strength to allow of a newspaper being read by it. It does not flicker, but glows steadily from sunset to daybreak.

Eagles have been noticed flying at a height of 6000 feet, and storks and buzzards at 2000 feet. A lark will rise to the same height, and so will crows. As a rule, however, birds do not fly at a greater height than 1000 feet.

Babylon was probably the first city to attain a population of 1,000,000. The area of the city was 225 square miles.

Trades unions are no new invention. Accurate records of their existence in Roman times have been dug up in Pompeii.

The greatest mystery of medical science is the exact use of the thyroid gland, which is the seat of the disease known as goitre.

There are five capital offenses under British law—murder, high treason, piracy, arson in the port of London and attempts to destroy public arsenals.

The king of Spain is the only monarch who does not sign his name to documents and edicts. His signature is simply "Yo, el Rey"—"I, the King."

The most mixed population in the world is probably that of British Guiana. There is admixture of French, Dutch, Spanish, British, coolie and Indian blood.

In the Turkish navy the crew and officers of a warship form a regiment, and the officers hold the same rank as on land. The captain is lieutenant colonel, and so on.

The eucalyptus sheds its bark instead of its leaves.

Like cholera, influenza always travels from east to west.

At Kingston, Jamaica, all the coaling of ships is performed by women.

The Strathcona Chronicle.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STRATHCONA AND SURROUNDING DISTRICT

PUBLISHED AT STRATHCONA EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertising rates on application.

To insure prompt insertion, either new or advertisements or changes must be handed in not later than Saturday for the Tuesday edition and on Wednesday for the Friday edition.

Advertisements not accompanied by specific instructions will be set up with a reasonable display and inserted until ordered out.

Persons wishing to discontinue their ads will please send the order to this office in writing.

Birth, marriage and death notices are inserted free of charge.

Accounts for commercial advertisements rendered monthly all others payable in advance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We invite correspondence on topics of general interest to the public, but reserve to ourselves the privilege of omitting therefrom any language that we deem objectionable. We desire also that correspondents sign their names to their communications, though not necessarily for publication.

CURRENT COMMENT

HARPELL VS. CHRONICLE

Judgment

Before the Honorable Mr. Justice Stuart at Edmonton, February the case of Harpell vs. this paper was tried. The following is the judgment as rendered by the Judge:

"In find as a fact that the identity is proven and that the plaintiff is the person referred to in the publications complained of. They are clearly libellous on the face of them. No attempt has been made to justify, neither in the pleadings nor in the evidence adduced for teh defence. Those things are said about a man and until they are proven to be true I must assume legally, and it is my duty to assume legally that they are absolutely false, because the burden of proving them true is on the Defendant. I confess I cannot see any ground whatever for introducing any defence along the line of fair comment or privilege. The limits of this defence are clearly understood. With respect to fair comment, that is applicable, as I have said a couple of times recently already, simply to cases where the facts are admitted on all hands to be true, and the defendant has made some what vigorous comment upon those facts, upon the persons in relation to whom they are true, and it is simply in that case a question of whether the fair comment has gone beyond the limits of fair criticism or not. But that cannot apply to this case, because we have statements of fact. These are not comments upon a man's actions, which are admitted to be true, but they are statements that he did certain things, certain abominable things, and there is no attempt to prove that he did them.

With respect to privilege also, I confess that it is a startling proposition to me to hear it contended that merely because an election is going on that that gives any person the right—a newspaper or anybody else—to make assertions about somebody who is engaged in the election which are not attempted to be proven to be true. There might be some ground of defence if this were a case of libel for some scurdilous attack by way of criticism upon the plaintiff, arising out of certain facts admitted to be true, taken to be true; or if at an election time a newspaper did criticise, with the utmost severity perhaps, the actions of a candidate who is engaged in an election, which he has assumed to have done. Attacks of that kind are quite frequent, in which the attack does not consist of allegations of fact, but of vigorous comments, using all sorts of adjectives which do not contain allegations of fact at all.

I say, I can conceive that situation in which it might be argued that a person is privileged at an election to make comments of that kind, but I can not see how it can be brought in here. None of these cases cited go the length to which the Defendant is asking me to go to-day. I will have to find a verdict for the plaintiff.

As to the amount of damages I should give him, I would like to say this: I think it very, very seldom occurs in the Eastern provinces that a newspaper would do anything like this. Several times I have noticed that not only newspapers, but people in this Western country feel a little of the Western freedom which they do not enjoy in the East, and it is just time they be restrained a little bit, particularly in regard to libels. I am going to say this, however, that the amount of my verdict I am going to cut just exactly in two and make it half of what it would have been if the plaintiff had gone into the box and said: "I am Micky Harpell and I live in Wainwright and I was the enumerator there in an election and that libel refers to me. Now, you can ask me any questions you like." He was not bound to go into the box, but I am going to take notice that he did not go into the box. There will be a verdict for $500 with costs.

WHAT GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS WOULD DO FOR THE WEST.

The Editor, Chronicle.

I have been intensely interested in the Rutherford's railway policy because it is a question of vital interest to every man, woman and child in Alberta. Possibly no man in Alberta has given this question more thought than I have, and gone into the question of government ownership of railways more deeply than the writer. It seems when the government of Alberta dare not, on account of public opinion, give any more bonuses to railroads. They then resort to the guaranteeing of their bonds, claiming they are not giving away anything. That is false and misleading, because if a farmer is worth $5,000, and has signed notes for his neighbor to the extent of $2,000, his credit in a bank is destroyed that much. Then what is more important, a railroad that has received no gift from the people feel more independent in charging what rates they please. Jim Hill says when he gets no assistance from the people he can make more money out of the railroad because then the people are not so apt to complain about high rates. While the government of Canada has given an enormous amount of money and land to the railroads as a free gift, it does not represent possibly one-tenth of what the railroads have been able to swindle the people out of in the shape of excessive rates, and will continue to do so. Frank Oliver said from the platform in Edmonton that the people ought to own the railroads when they paid for the building of them twice over, and in many cases, ten times since being built in excessive rates. But that was before he got possession of a government teat from which he soon secured the dope that chloroformed him. Farmers, let us call your attention to what has been given to railroads:

In cash subsidies ..	$228,000,000
Subsidies notes last session	33,000,000
60,000,000 acres of land at $5..	500,000,000
Total.	$561,000,000

Now, that is not our estimates, because the land before it gets back to the people will command a higher figure than $5 an acre, and it would be over $100 for every man, woman and child in Canada or $500 for each family. Now let us compare rates on company roads with the I.C.R., the government road, freight rates on a 100 lbs. for 1,000 miles (class 1, dry goods, boots and shoes):

C.P.R. $1.61, class 1, dry goods, boots and shoes; on I.C.R., 80c.

Class 4, fruits and groceries, C.P.R., $1.61; I.C.R., 50c.

You see, in class 4 C.P.R. rates are more than three times higher. Now let us go into this a little deeper and see what the extension of the I.C.R. and its rates would do for the people of the West. Now there comes into Edmonton and Strathcona about 7 cars of freight a day at our average cost of $400 a car. Now these two cities represent about one-tenth the business of the province so that would be 21,000 cars a year. Now, remember, if the merchants pay $400 a car they must add the freight to the first cost of the goods and then his profit, and would average at least 35 per cent., so that would more than cut that in two, and would save the people in incoming freight $920,000, and possibly more than that it takes about 20c to get a bushel of oats to the seaboard, in out going freight in many cases in taking the farmers' crop to market and buying back his supplies, the railroad gets two thirds of his crop as can be proved. Talk about the I.C.R. not paying the people. If we had the I.C.R. in the West we could soon pay of the deficit and pay for building the road in a very few years. Now, if the Rutherford government is going to guarantee the bonds of the different railroads that would build in Alberta without first going to the people, they are taking a step which is wrong. Those who are free from partizanship in politics are unanimous in favor of the government ownership and operation of railroads. Let this question go to the people, as there is to be an election in a few months, and dissociated from partizanship, give the people the right to vote for the issuance of bonds (as is done by municipalities for waterworks street cars, etc.) as opposed to the pledging of the credit of the province in the interests of private railway corporations. I am prepared to stake my life on the outcome, and believe it would be different from the policy indicated by the government. The Rutherford administration has had resolutions presented to them protesting against the guaranteeing of bonds to railroads, and in favor of government ownership passed unanimously by the farming organizations and also from the conventions of labor unions. Does it look as if the Rutherford government is anxious to serve the interest of the people when the farmers have been unanimous in their demands for government elevators and packing houses, when he tells us that we cannot blame the government for taking time in considering them. For years we have been considering them, and we think we know what we want. Who is it that has asked the provincial government to guarantee the bonds of different railroad companies. We believe that some of the boards of trade have asked them to guarantee their bonds, but we must remember that the boards only represent about 3 per cent. of the people, while the farmers and labor unions are about 97 per cent. and we must remember also business men do not pay the rates, but make profits on what we pay them. Remember the railroad commission that cost the country about $100,000 a year has now power to compel the railroads to lower the rates should they pay more than ten per cent. on the cost of the road.

The more the railroads cost the higher the rates will be, so there is every inducement to make railway construction as expensive as possible, and we have no means of knowing whether the money goes into the railroad or not. Then there is the watering of railroad stocks, and they claim the G.T.P. will cost more than three times what the first estimate was, so you see our prospects are very slim for getting low rates from company roads. You see the government can borrow money for 3 per cent to build railroads. It is not hard to see how much higher rates we must pay over a company road capitalized at $75,000 a mile on which the owners demand 10 per cent. or more on their money, and what we would have to pay over a government road costing $25,000 a mile, upon which we only pay 3 per cent. interest. Is this country to be given over to railroads and other monopolies, and are we as farmers to have nothing to say, but weekly submit and be their slaves, which we are. For I can easily prove that from 50 to 75 per cent. of the proceeds of our toil goes to the railroads and other monopolies, they are all linked together and are determined to bleed us and they use our representatives as their tools to do the dirty work. We want to, as farmers to have independence enough to give our representatives to understand that they are our servants instead of our masters, and that we send them to parliament to carry out our wishes, and pay them for doing our work.

WM. R. BALL.

PILES

8 OUT OF 10

persons suffer at some-time or other from Piles!

So says a great medical authority. There is no disease causes more pain and wretchedness than piles; and by giving almost immediate ease Zam-Buk has won the praise of thousands of sufferers. If you are suffering let Zam-Buk cure you. Mr. Neil Devon, Webbwood, Ont. suffered with piles eight years. A few boxes of Zam-Buk cured him. He since says:—"I have had no return of the trouble so that I know the cure is permanent."

Mr. C. B. Frost, Lennoxville, P.Q., writes: "I have proved Zam-Buk a great cure for piles from which I suffered acutely for a long time."

Zam-Buk also cures cuts, ulcers, burns, abscesses, poisoned wounds, boils, eczema, and all skin troubles. 50c. a box, all druggists and stores or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 3 boxes for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

A cup of BOVRIL will drive away that feeling of lassitude so common in warm weather. BOVRIL gives vigour and tone to the entire system.

BOVRIL

THINNING A FOREST.

Done to Prevent Useless Struggling of Trees With One Another.

The care of a forest tree plantation by no means ends when the trees have been planted and have successfully got through their first two or three years of life. In a few years the crowns of the trees touch and the struggle for life among the trees begin. If the trees are allowed to grow straight on without interference, there comes a time when growth comes almost to a standstill. The strength of the trees is taken up with this fight with one another for light, instead of in laying on wood. In order to modify this struggle, some of the trees must be taken out.

The ideal state for a forest is that the crowns of the trees should just touch one another; in this condition they do not interfere with one another, while on the other hand they shade the ground completely and preserve its moisture and prevent the humus from being broken up.

In theory, of course, thinning should commence when the crowns of the trees begin to interfere with one another, and continual thinning should preserve this condition.

In practice this is often too expensive, and the rule is often given: "Thin as soon as the thinnings taken out will pay for the work of thinning."

In all thinning, of course, any trees that are dead or decayed should be taken out at once. They are of no possible use, while on the other hand they may furnish a chance for insects or for rot-producing fungi to get into the dead or sick trees and thence affect the more thrifty trees.

Cupid as Chauffeur.

At a bridesmaids' luncheon recently across the center of the table was a miniature road paved with rice and outlined by clusters of pink roses, the stems supporting them tied with pink ribbons. At the end of the road was a miniature (toy) automobile with Cupid as chauffeur with big rose colored goggles on. Strapped on the auto was a tiny trunk tied with white ribbon and a toy suit case with foreign labels. This clever decoration caused much fun among the bridesmaids and the bride elect. The favors were little imitation Dresden pianos, the bride elect being a pianist.

Do You Want to Be Pretty?

Don't be afraid of water. Drink plenty of it, and take as many baths as you can. Learn a few physical culture exercises, and practice them night and morning. This may all sound rather uninteresting to you, but if you follow these few suggestions you will be healthier, happier and better looking.

The Window Gardener.

Vessels of water kept standing among your plants will prove beneficial in supplying moisture. They can easily be hidden behind the foliage so that they will not appear unsightly.

Don't forget to turn your window plants around at least twice a week so that all sides will get the sunlight.

To Remove Finger Marks.

Finger marks on painted doors may be removed by rubbing with a perfectly clean cloth dipped in a little paraffin. The place should be afterward washed over with a cloth wrung out of hot water and finally polished with a dry duster.

Manners at Home.

If parents have one set of manners for the home and another for the outside world, the children will copy those they see in daily use.

There must be no selfishness at home if one does not want the boy or girl to grow up selfish. The foundation of the best manners is a good heart, of course, and a kindly feeling toward every one. Without this they are but artificial and will not stand the test of the buffeting of the world and all its opposing forces.

Firelight Photographs.

A photographer in London is taking portraits in a new way. He poses his subjects sitting by the fire and reproduces the scene with all the cozy glow of a drawing room in autumn before the electric lights are switched on.

The photographs are costly, but a bill of something like $30 a dozen does not dismay the woman who admires originality and has a long purse or unlimited credit.

Largest Building Stone.

The walls of the Acropolis at Baalbek are truly called cyclopean. The famous Trilithon, the largest stones ever used in building, measure respectively sixty-five, sixty-four and sixty-three feet in length, each block weighing about 750 tons. How these huge masses were accurately placed in position twenty feet above the ground is a problem which modern science, with all its appliances, leaves yet unsolved. Above them are Arab fortifications. The quarries whence these gigantic materials were obtained are among the most interesting features of Baalbek. Here may still be seen the method of work of the ancient quarrymen, stones vertically hewn lying almost ready to the hand of the builder. One of these stones, to which the Arabs give the name Hajar-el-Houbla, measures sixty-nine feet in length and weighs 915 tons. M. de Saulcy calculates it would take the united efforts of 40,000 men to put this huge block in motion. This quarry is now used as a necropolis by the inhabitants of Baalbek.—Sunday at Home.

Carl Henningsen's
Dye Work
406 Fraser Av. Phone 1728
Edmonton

People generally—
tell each other about the *good things.*
That is how the merits of
"BOVRIL"
have become so universally known. "Bovril" is a *good thing.* It is all the nourishment of prime beef.

Don't Forget
the
3
Big Auction
sales

Saturday, Feb. 27

at 2 o'clock at our
Auction Rooms

The complete outfit of excellent Household Furniture removed to our auction rooms by owner, who is leaving town

Absolutely No Reserve
Terms Cash

Monday, March 1

John Granum's Big Farm Stock Sale, 3 miles southeast of Strathcona

Sale at 10.30 sharp.
Lunch at noon.

Terms 8 months

Wednesday, March 3

The late Thos. Daly's Estate, Clover Bar

Farm Stock, Implement, Furniture
All new implements

Terms 9 months

Sale at 12.30
Lunch at noon

Crawford & Weeks
Auctioneers, Strathcona

New
Spring
Coats

New
Skirts

New
Spring
Waists

at

J. H. Morris
& Co.

270-76 Jasper Avenue East
Edmonton, · Alberta

Advertise in The Chronicle

SOME GOOD LOTS FOR SALE
ON
THE IRVINE ESTATE

All these lots are within 9 blocks of the C. P. R. station, and alongside of the C. P. R. yards. Prices ranging from $75.00 and upwards. Apply

H. F. SANDEMAN
SOLE AGENT

Windsor Hotel

George McGuire, Prop.

RATES: $1.00 to $1.50 p.r Day

BEST DOLLAR A DAY HOUSE IN THE CITY

Opposite C P R Station PHONE. 3331

Real Estate Snaps

in

Choice Farm Lands,

Improved and Unimproved, situated in Strathcona and Edmonton districts.

Also many suitable . . . .

BUSINESS & RESIDENTIAL SITES IN STRATHCONA.

We have on our lists lots With and Without Houses, Business Sites With or Without Premises.

HOUSES TO RENT. Agents for

THE CANADIAN PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION, and THE B.C. PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

Fire and Life Insurance—A Specialty.

BUSH & Co.

WHYTE AVE. EAST. 'Phone 71.

New and Second Hand Store

Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Guns, Ammunition, Graniteware, Beds, Springs, Mattresses and all kinds of Settlers' Effects

I have also a great snap in a second hand Piano as good as new. If you are looking for a piano don't miss this

W. J. Smith

Box 91 Whyte Avenue West

Always on Hand

Whenever you visit our Saw Mill you will see that we have always got a pile of the best Lumber on hand for Building Purposes

WALTER'S MILL

Upper Ferry Crossing, Strathcona.

Branches: Fort Pitt and Loydminister

East End Bakery

Bread
Cakes
Pastry
Confectionery
Fruit,
etc.

PHONE 3481

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P. BURNS & CO

Dealers in

Fresh and Cured Meat Of all Kind

FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

Highest Market Prices paid for FIRST-CLASS

DRESSED POULTRY of all descriptions.

WE PURCHASE

Rat Skins
Coyote Skins
Weasel Skins
Lynx and Mink

Good prices paid, cash or trade

See our prices

A. M. Tarrabain & Bro.

First Avenue South

Have you got

Game Heads or Feet, Birds or Animals that you wish Stuffed and Mounted?

Bring them to us.

COYOTE AND OTHER PELTS Tanned, Dressed and Mounted. Finished Birds, Animals and Rugs for sale at all times

Peel & Shields

TAXIDERMISTS

Cor. First Avenue North and Second Street East

FIREWOOD

Sound and dry ready for use

$2.50 per load

Prompt Delivery

Mitchell

Phone 3408, Strathcona

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Campbell of Calgary, mother of Mrs S. Q. O'Brien, is visiting in Strathcona this month.

Mrs. M. E. Herrick and daughter, Miss Beulah, have this afternoon left for Vancouver, B.C., where they will in future reside.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Hospital Aid Society will be held on Monday afternoon, March 1st, at 3 o'clock, at the home of Mrs. Hotson.

On Tuesday Clifford Toll brought in the largest load of coal brought into the city this winter. The net weight of the coal was 8,830 lbs., and it was hauled from Byers' mine at Clover Bar. The team hauled the load on to and off the scales without assistance.

The ladies of Knox Presbyterian church held a surprise party on Tuesday evening last, Feb. 23rd, at the home of Rev. David Flemming, and presented Mrs. Flemming with a handsome purse containing $90. During the evening an informal program was rendered, and light refreshments were served.

STRATHCONA WINS HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Wednesday evening last the final game for the amateur championship of the Alberta hockey league between Strathcona and Lacombe was played on the ice of the latter and resulted in a win for the university city by a score of 8-4. The Strathcona team was the same as played on Monday night with the exception that Al. Kent replaced Sutherland. The victors journeyed on to Calgary and will play the lacross hockey team of that city this evening for the amateur championship of Alberta.

HAMILTON WOMAN BRUTALLY MURDERED.

HAMILTON, Feb. 25.—Ethel Kinrade, second daughter of T. L. Kinrade, 15 Herkimer street, principal of the Canon street school, was murdered this afternoon by a tramp thief at her home in one of the best and busiest residential streets of the city. No trace of the murderer has been found at a late hour tonight. The victim, who is 24 years of age, was in the house with her elder sister, Florence. The latter found a stranger in the hall. He followed her to the kitchen, produced a revolver, and demanded money. She gave him $10. The other sister came down the back stairs and started to scream. "Shut up, or I will shoot," shouted the robber. The girl got hysterical, and kept on screaming. The thug shot and commanded her to keep still. She continued screaming. He emptied his revolver into her body. Six bullets entered her body, one piercing the heart, and another entered the head. The thief then turned on the elder sister with the empty revolver, saying that unless she kept quiet he would finish her. She tried to wrench the revolver away. He freed himself, jumped out of the parlor window and disappeared. This was the last seen of him.

The bereaved family are of the oldest and best known in the city and are remarkable for their charitable work. It is believed that the man is one of a number who secured aid at their house. He had been loitering around the home all day, and as he had been around before, Kinrade decided to go down town and report him to the police. He had hardly left the station when the phone rang and the message came that the daughter was murdered. The shooting occurred at 4.05 p.m.

At the morgue it was found that five of the six bullets lodged near Miss Kinrade's heart, showing that the assailant was a good shot, and shot to kill. The murderer was described by the elder sister as a thick set man, 5 feet, 7 inches, aged about 35, dark complexion and with a heavy dark moustache. He had a black slouch hat over his eyes. The police regard the deed as one of a crazy man.

A later and calmer story of the elder sister, Florence, is that the door bell rang when the two were dressing for the street. Florence opened the door. The tramp asked for food. She admitted him. He then demanded money. She ran upstairs to get her purse and shouted to her sister to lock herself in her bedroom. As she descended the stairs with $10 she heard her sister run down the back stairs screaming. She heard shots and ran back to the kitchen, handed the tramp the money, and fled out into the back yard. Finding no escape, she returned, and found the man standing over her sister's body. She grappled with him. He threatened to kill her. She ran to the window, and raised it but was afraid to call. As the man jumped outside the window, she ran out of the front door and gave the alarm.

City of Strathcona.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the City of Strathcona intends to undertake the paving with wooden blocks, bitulithic paving or asphalt paving the following portions of Whyte Avenue from sidewalk to sidewalk and excepting the surface covered or to be covered by the double tracks of the Street Railway, as separate local improvements, and that the whole cost of each of such local improvements is to be paid by a special frontage assessment of the several lots or parcels of land abutting on Whyte Avenue opposite such local improvement, in accordance with the provisions of Title XXXIV of the Strathcona Charter:—

- a From First Street West to Main Street, excepting a lane crossing.
- b From Main Street to First Street East,
- c From First Street East to Second Street East.
- d From Second Street East to Third Street East
- e From Third Street East to Fourth Street East

Dated this 19th February, 1909

By order of the Council
H. G. CLARKE
Secretary-Treasurer,
City of Strathcona

SAVING MONEY.

Getting the First Thousand Dollars and What It Teaches.

"Get the first $1 000. After that money making is easy." This is the old time sage advice of the hard headed, self made man. That axiom has set many men to saving. They fix upon that sum as the glittering, faroff herald of a fortune some time to be made. To a man on a small salary—a salary, say, out of which something can be saved weekly without too much deprivation—the advice is good. There is something in it that acts as a stimulus to economy. And who will deny that economy is a good thing or that any truth that lights the way to it should not be known?

Many men, therefore, have been buoyed up in their economies by the belief that the first $1,000 is the hardest to get and that afterward all the rest would be easy and the good things of the world that follow a bounteous supply of money would be within easy reach. It is a pity that the man who invented that saying could not also have told us with equal advantage how to turn the $1,000 over and make two of it. It takes a long time to make a wage earner see that "money works." His idea of making money is to work for it himself. It never occurs to him that money works much easier than he can and without any of the hardships he himself experiences—that is to say, until he has got the first $1,000. That usually makes a young man feel like a financier, and he talks wisely of investments.

Just Keep On.

When today's difficulties overshadow yesterday's triumphs and obscure the bright visions of tomorrow, when plans upset and whole years of effort seem to crystallize into a single hour of concentrated bitterness, when little annoyances eat into the mind very quickly and corrode the power to view things calmly, when the jolts of misfortune threaten to jar loose the judgment from its moorings, remember that in every business, in every career, there are valleys to cross, as well as hills to scale; that every mountain range of hope is broken by chasms of discouragement through which run torrent streams of despair! To quit in the chasm is to fail. See always in your mind's eye those sunny summits of success! Don't quit in the chasm! Keep on!—System.

A Bonanza.

A certain western congressman has had disastrous experience in gold mine speculations. One day a number of colleagues were discussing the subject of speculation when one of them said to the western member:

"Tom, as an expert, give us a definition of the term 'bonanza.'"

"A 'bonanza,'" replied the western man, with emphasis, "is a hole in the ground owned by a champion liar."—Success.

Alexander the Great.

Alexander succeeded to the throne of Macedonia in his twenty-first year. He died at the age of thirty-two. Thus in the space of about twelve years the young soldier had brought the Greek states into submission, crushed Darius and his million of Persians and crossed the Indus and defeated the Indian king Porus. Alexander was not merely a brutal conqueror, but tried to weld the various countries into a solid empire.

No Use For Them.

"Come, Willie; get up!" said an indulgent father to his son the other morning. "Remember, the early bird catches the worm."

"What do I care for worms?" replied Willie. "Mother won't let me go fishing."

Still In Danger.

Wiggles—I hear Bjenks has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet?

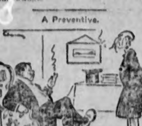
Waggles—Well, he's convalescent, but he won't be out of danger until the pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.

And She Went Home to Mother.

"Well," said the wife who had put up with her husband's blunders till the limit of endurance had been reached, "here you bring home some strawberries that are positively green! You always do. You never picked a ripe watermelon since I have known you, you always buy poor cantaloupes, you let your tailor give you clothes that shrink and fade, you can't choose grape fruit that is worth eating and"

"And I picked you out too. Don't forget to put that in," urged the husband.—Judge.

A Preventive.



Smith—So you think smoking prevents headaches?

Brown—Rather. My mother-in-law always gets up and goes out of the room as soon as I light a cigar.

Brains and Housekeeping.

"I wonder why a brain no bigger than a salted almond is supposed to be good enough to keep house with," remarked a matron the other day, "while a nimble and comprehensive intellect is supposed to be necessary in a woman who goes in for a 'career.' I find my housekeeping gives employment to every faculty I have. If I don't put out all the brain power I own, things don't go well. Memory, executive ability, observation, foresight—all are demanded in organizing and running a home. Wherever you find the domestic machine moving without a creak or a jar look for the clever brain of some woman behind it all. I've known girls to take the tone that they were thrown away in being obliged to look after the details of a house. Stuff and nonsense. It wasn't too much mind they had for it, but not enough."

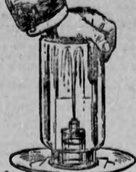
FOR YOUNG FOLKS

HOMEMADE FOUNTAIN.

An Amusing Experiment With a Jar and Bottle of Water.

Of course you all like fountains. Aren't they attractive and cool on a hot summer's day, though? Next summer, of course, you will see them in the parks. But in the meanwhile you can easily make one of your own, if you wish. Follow these directions:

Take a perfumery bottle or something similar. Get a good cork half an inch thick or less and make a hole through it. Put a straw through the hole, so that one end nearly touches the bottom of the bottle and the other is just above the top of the cork.



THE WATER SPURTS UP.

Place a piece of blotting paper on a plate. Fill the bottle with water and stand it upon the blotting paper. Now get a big glass jar, warm it and quickly turn it upside down over your small bottle, pressing it down upon the blotting paper with your hand.

In a few moments you will see a tiny stream of water shoot up from the bottle, right up to the top of the jar, and this will continue until the bottle is almost empty.

Try it.

THE NAVEL ORANGE.

Probable Origin of This Delicious Seedless Fruit.

Boys and girls are all fond of oranges, of course, and especially of those that have no seeds, for this particular kind is usually larger, juicier and of a finer flavor than others, says the Chicago News. They may not know how this orange happens to be seedless.

The seedless orange is also called the "navel" orange—not "naval," as some persons believe—for the reason that it usually has a little protuberance on the blossom end, the end opposite to the stem. In other words, it has a navel. How the species originated is not definitely known, but it was probably an accident. Nature tried to produce twin oranges perhaps, but one of the twins survived merely as a sort of kernel imbedded in the skin.

It is strange that a distinct species should spring from such an accident, but nature does stranger things than that. This orange with the little protuberance was noticed, of course, and examination showed that the seeds had not been developed. It was quite evident that the formation of the protuberance, or "navel," as it soon came to be called, had prevented the formation of the seeds by using up the nutriment that the seeds would have required. Cultivators at once caught the idea and gave their special attention to the production of the seedless fruit.

It is believed that the navel orange originated in Brazil, and it was from that country that our agricultural department imported some of the trees several years ago and budded them on trees at Riverside, Cal. The experiment was in every way successful.

Trick With a Cent.

Open the hand naturally and place the cent on the palm and then ask some one to brush it out with a whisk broom. After repeated efforts it probably will be suspected that the cent is fastened in your hand in some way. In order to prove that it is not let the sweeper place it on his own palm, and he will find it remains as immovable there as before. A few persons have flat palms. The cent may easily be swept off such palms, but they are not common.

Conundrums.

When are soldiers stronger than elephants? When they carry a fortress.

Why is a trolley car safe in a thunderstorm? Because it has a conductor.

Why have you a right to pick an artist's pockets? Because he has pictures (picked yours).

Why should 288 never be mentioned by polite boys and girls? Because it is too (two) gross.

Talks With Nature.

"I think you're quite funny," I said
To the river, "for, while you've a bed,
You're awake night and day
And run on, yet you stay,
And your mouth is so far from your head."

I said to the hill, "I'll allow
You have a most wonderful brow,
But you've such a big foot
That you never can put
On a shoe of the style they use now."

I said to the tree: "You are queer.
Your trunk is all packed, but I fear
You can't leave until spring.
When—a curious thing—
You must still remain standing right here."

To a green red blackberry I said,
"I know you are green when you're red,
And you're red when you're green,
But to say what I mean
Is enough to befuddle one's head."

—St. Nicholas.

WIDOW — Good, domesticad nurse, experienced in maternity cases, speaks French, German and English, wants work or position as housekeeper. Address 308 Fraser avenue, Edmonton.

WANTED—Domestic servant. Apply Mrs. G. F. Downes, second door west of Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Professions

Legal

RUTHERFORD, JAMIESON & MODE, Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries, Solicitors to the City of Strathcona, Imperial Bank of Canada & Canadian Bank of Commerce Offices: Imperial Bank Block Strathcona
Hon. Alex C. Rutherford, F C Jamieson A. T. Mode.

Lavell & Allison, Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries, Strathcona, Alberta. Solicitors to Dominion Bank. Money to loan on improved Real estate. Office Bank of Commerce Bldg
J. R. LAVELL W B ALLISON

Veterinarians.

J. C. WAINRIGHT, D.V.S., Office in Rutherford Block, Main St Strathcona Phone 25 Official Stock Inspector

Auctioneers.

CRAWFORD & WEEKS Strathcona's leading Auctioneers
Special attention given to the advertising of sales and registering of lien notes. Office Whyte Ave. Auction Rooms First Street East Sale at Auction Rooms every Saturday. Farm Stock Sales a Specialty.

TIPTON & SON AUCTIONEERS
Sales conducted in town every Saturday. Farm Stock Sales a Specialty. Office and Auction Room, Whyte Avenue.

Architects.

H. M. & W. A. WHIDDINGTON
Architects Duggan Bloc

WILSON & HERRALD
Architects and Structural Engineers
7-8, Baalim Block, Strathcona, Alberta
Phone 3146

F. A. PEEL,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician.
Official Watch Inspector for C.P.R.
Phone Nos. Store 3482, House 3468

Windsor Livery

I have taken over the Windsor Livery Barn from B. A. Higgins, and am prepared to handle all kinds of business.

Draying work done

Ring up 3168 and give your orders

Al. Gray

There are still lots of

BARGAINS

for everybody at our Auction Rooms

New goods arriving every day

15c.

for Axe Handles. These are extra quality oak. This price will be good for another week

Just arrived, a big stock of the highest grade Hickory Axe Handles ver offred to the public Price

25c.

Get after these.

A bigger Logging Chain bargain than ever. 14ft. chain. It's a dandy. Price to clear at

$1.50

Did you see the Cross Cut Saw we're selling at

$1.85

complete with handles?

Horse Combs and Brushes going like hot cakes because we're selling them at

25c.

per pair, comb and brush

Everybody is buying that Hog Fence Wire. Our prices tickle the farmers And don't forget we're headquarters for Barb Wire

China Nest Eggs by the thousands

Crawford & Weeks

Public Notices

STRATHCONA LODGE I.O.O.F. No. 9

Working under the jurisdiction of the Alberta Grand Lodge, meets Monday at 8 a.m. in New Odd Fellows' Hall, First avenue south. Visiting brethren welcomed. E. J. Flavin, Noble Grand; I. E. Ackerman, Rec. Sec., P.O. Box 402. Will rent hall to other lodges or for entertainments.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS

Court Strathcona City No. 1088.

This Lodge will meet every second and fourth Friday of each month at 8 p.m. in the Orange Hall.

J. E. GREEN, C.R.
D. GRANT.

NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of Nancy Irvine, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of His Honor Hedley C. Taylor, dated the 29th day of January, A.D. 1909, notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Nancy Irvine, deceased, who died on or about the 23rd day of November, A.D. 1908, at the City of Strathcona, are required on or before the 5th day of April A.D. 1909, to send by post prepaid or to deliver to Rutherford, Jamieson and Mode of Strathcona, Alberta, Solicitors for the executors herein, their names, addresses and description and a full statement of the particulars of their claims and the nature of the security, if any, held by them, duly verified by Statutory Declaration, and that after the said last mentioned date the executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice.

Dated at Strathcona, in the Province of Alberta, this 29th day of January, A.D. 1909.

Rutherford Jamieson & Mode,
Solicitors for Lucien J. Vallett and John Walter, executors herein.

To Water Consumers

Water consumers in arrears for water are hereby notified that at noon on Wednesday, March 10th, 1909, water will be shut off their premises unless arrears are paid previous to that date.

By order of the Water and Sewer Committee.

A. J. McLEAN,
City Engineer.

Wanted, For Sale etc.

LOST—$10 reward; from A. J. Stannard's, Salisbury, about 15th September, one Bay Gelding, 3 1-2 years old, weight about 1,000 lbs., no brand, full white face, two white hind stockings. Anyone giving information, or returning same, will receive a reward of $10.

ESTRAY—One red cow, with white under belly, horned, about four years old, no brand visible, wild; with grey calf, came on to premises of J. J. Duggan, S. half 8-52-24, on the Calgary trail, last September; owner pleas prove property, pay expenses and remove.

WANTED—Girl for general house work. Apply Mrs. H. G. Clarke, corner Main street and Third avenue north.

HOUSE TO RENT.—6 rooms with stables, 15 minutes walk from Edmonton or Strathcona, 4 acres of land all cleared, suitable for market garden, etc, possession April 1, Apply H. Wilson, Real Estate, P. O. Box 520, Strathcona.

FIVE-ROOMED COTTAGE to rent shortly, on the south side of Third avenue north, between Fifth and Sixth street east; first class condition, full basement; furnace heated, electric light, half block from car tracks. Apply to Owner, on the premises.

WANTED—Lady Clerk for store. Apply Chronicle office.

FOUND—On Third Street East, brooch or badge with Canadian arms in enamel. Apply Chronicle Office.

ESTRAY—Came to my premises, south-east quarter section 6-52-22, last October, bay muley steer, coming three years old, no brand; owner please pay expenses and remove.—W. R. Ball, Box 530, Strathcona.

SOUTH AFRICAN SCRIP FOR SALE

Money to Loan. Write A. D. Mabry, National Trust Building, Saskatoon, Sask.

GENERAL SERVANT—Wanted. Apply Mrs. S. Q. O'Brien. Third avenue, north, East end.

Cupid In the Blizzard.

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The Silver-Hess wedding, the absentmindedness of Mrs. Graves and the unprecedented November blizzard worked together for the good of Roland Baxter.

The Silver-Hess wedding was scheduled for Denver. The absentminded Mrs. Graves and the relentless blizzard met in Chicago.

Polly Hess had recently moved to Chicago, and when her brother's fiancee wrote that the wedding would occur directly before Thanksgiving day and would she please have a ducky frock of leaf green chiffon cloth to wear as maid of honor Polly instantly decided that Chicago was a very big city and one in which a new dressmaker must be sought with discretion.

Upon her musings entered Mrs. Graves, whose faculty for switching from one topic of conversation to another with lightning rapidity was as amusing to her friends as it was bewildering to new acquaintances. Said Mrs. Graves:

"Of course I can help you out. My friend, Mrs. Baxter—you never did see such clothes. By the way, didn't Mrs. Dale look like a frump at the club meeting Thursday? Now, Mrs. Baxter, my dear—did you ever hear worse violin music than we had on that program? Her address—oh, yes—672 Boulevard. Dear child, however did you train your lashes to curl like that?"

An hour later Roland Baxter, looking into the wonderful violet eyes beneath those same curling lashes, immediately decided that eyes, lashes and the owner thereof had dropped straight from heaven.

The Baxter maid was standing in the private hallway of the Baxter apartment explaining to Polly Hess that Mrs. Baxter was not yet up. Would Miss Hess call later in the day? Mrs. Baxter expected to be home all afternoon.

And at this instant the eldest scion of the house of Baxter added earnestly: "You'll surely find her here about 4. Do come back. She would be sorry to miss you."

Then by exerting all his will power he managed to stand perfectly still and watch the violet eyed angel take her departure.

Polly Hess walked through the sharp November air, feeling oddly bewildered.

"It must have been the place, and her name is Baxter, but I'm afraid her prices are way beyond me. She must be dreadfully smart, and I suppose she has to go out late to theaters and things to see the styles, but she ought to be up by 10 o'clock. Maybe she has a good forewoman. Anyhow, I am coming back. Dear me, it must be lovely to be able to buy frocks without figuring on the rent the dressmaker makes you help to pay."

At 3:50 Roland Baxter strolled into his mother's drawing room. The tea things were arranged on a convenient table, but the afternoon lowered, and guests would probably be few. Mrs. Baxter closed her magazine.

"Anything wrong at the office, Roland?" she inquired.

"No. Just thought I'd knock off. It's a hideous afternoon downtown, and pretty women around a tea table can make you forget the worst weather."

His astute mother was for once nonplused. Roland a willing sacrifice on the altar of her afternoon tea table! And then the maid announced Miss Hess.

"Oh, dear!" mourned Mrs. Baxter as she laid down her magazine. "I wonder what charity she represents."

Polly Hess paused, bewildered, in the doorway. Then, with a laugh tinged with dismay and just a little hysteria, she cried:

"Oh, now I know there is something wrong. Please, please forgive me. I've made such a dreadful mistake."

Mrs. Baxter stood midway between her chair and her flushed guest.

"Perhaps if you would explain"—

"Yes, do let me explain. I was looking for a dressmaker, and Mrs. Graves"—

"Mrs. Graves! Do not say another word. I can say it for you. Mrs. Graves admired a new frock I was showing her yesterday. She asked me for the address of my dressmaker. You asked her about a dressmaker, and she gave you my address when she thought she was giving you the dressmaker's. That's just like her."

The two women laughed in concert and then suddenly paused. Both had caught the rumble of masculine laughter and realized that Roland had risen and was standing, altogether expectant in attitude and expression.

"My son, Miss— Do tell me your name and stop for a cup of tea," murmured Mrs. Baxter, eager to relieve the girl's embarrassment. "Miss Hess? My son. Roland, light the alcohol stove and ring for some of that strawberry jam you love."

Mrs. Baxter meant only to undo the mischief wrought by her voluble and inaccurate friend, but in a few minutes she was sincerely interested in her charming if unexpected guest.

They had mutual friends in Denver, and Polly's great-grandfather and Mrs. Baxter's great-uncle had fought in the same regiment during the war of 1812.

So it happened that Roland Baxter was just wondering whether the ambrosia of the gods and strawberry jam sandwiches were interchangeable terms when somewhere far off a soft chime struck five times.

With the exquisite flush which was one of her best points Polly sprang to her feet.

"You've been so perfectly charming, Mrs. Baxter, that I've lost all track of time, and now it must be quite dark."

Mrs. Baxter was bending her head in listening attitude.

"Roland, that sounds like sleet. It must be storming."

Young Baxter hastened to the window and uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"The worst ever. You can't think of going out in it, Miss Hess."

"Oh, but I must! Please telephone for a cab. Mother will be so anxious."

Baxter rang up the nearest cab station.

"What's that? You wouldn't send a horse out in this storm? Are you running an animal society or a transportation line?"

Brief silence, then a prolonged whistle, and the receiver was hung up with decision.

"No venturing out for you, Miss Hess," he remarked, with unconcealed satisfaction. "It's a blizzard, the sort we usually get in February, and it's been tying up the town while we've been drinking tea."

"Oh, but I must. Mother will worry. Whatever shall I do?"

Polly's cheeks were pale now, and her dimples had faded.

"Do, my dear? Why, we will telephone your mother before the wires are down," interrupted Mrs. Baxter. "I trust your grocer and butcher beat the blizzard, and if you will be my guest until the storm is over"—

Impulsive Polly sprang forward and clasped the hand of her hostess.

"You are so splendid. I wish I could say what I feel"— And then, catching the light of a pair of hazel eyes watching her above the telephone book, she said "Oh!" very suddenly and turned her face the other way.

* * * * * * * *

It was 11. The couple from the floor below who had come up for a game of whist had taken their departure. Mrs. Baxter was making the rounds of her apartment to be sure that all was fast against the storm, which still raged furiously. Polly and Roland stood in the round bay window looking down the storm blocked boulevard.

"What a cruel thing a big storm is!" said Polly.

"Not this storm. I think it is the finest old blizzard that ever blizzed." He tried hard to look into her eyes. "If I could just tell you what this blizzard means to me"—

He had been drawing her toward him with his glance, but now she drew back and summoned all her dimples.

"Please, please, not now, not here. It is your house, you see, and I'd have to be polite."

"Don't you want to be polite?" urged Roland Baxter significantly.

"I don't know. Oh, you are not playing fair. It's so soon"—

"Nothing of the sort," interrupted Roland recklessly. "It happened at 10 o'clock this morning. I remember the chimes ringing just as I looked into your eyes for the first time."

And again Polly Hess said "Oh!" which, oddly enough, seemed to satisfy her companion, for he dropped the heavy curtains, blotting out all sight of the raging elements, and drew her back into the circle of crimson shaded lamplight.

Cannibal Cows.

"Now, children," said the pretty teacher, "I want you all to write a composition on the cow. You know what a cow is. You know that a cow gives us all the milk we drink. Now, write me something original about the cow as you know her, nothing commonplace." It would take several pages to print the results, but there is room for at least one composition by a girl of seven:

"A cow is a quadruped having four legs and four feet. She gives milk and sometimes has horns, but not always. The cow's baby is called a calf and sometimes bossy. When a cow talks she lows. A cow with horns can hook, but a cow without horns is helpless. A cow is a carnivorous animal when she has a chance, but she ordinarily eats grass, if there is any. A cow is a cannibal if you let her alone, for she will eat her own kind."

The horrified teacher exclaimed: "Sallie May, where on earth did you get the idea, the ridiculous idea, that a cow is carnivorous and a cannibal? You meant to say that a cow is herbivorous or graminivorous."

"No, teacher. I read it in the Holy Bible. Don't you remember there were seven fine fat cows feeding near a brook and seven lean and hungry cows came and ate them up? See Genesis xli, 4."

Teacher reserved decision.—New York Press.

What Generosity Means.

"Many people get the credit of being generous who never felt a single generous impulse in their lives," says a close student of human nature.

"Their generosity, so called, has consisted simply in formal, cold, grudging almsgiving, carried out at the call of duty and unaccompanied by any spontaneous burst of feeling or sympathy.

"The highest generosity is full of strong, unhesitating self effacement and always inspires, except in debased natures, feelings of gratitude and affection. Almsgiving is one of the least of its attributes. It more often takes the form of helpfulness, sympathy and understanding. It gives forth compassion and encouragement of a kind which is far beyond money value.

"The secret of generosity is unselfishness, and the way to acquire it is to cultivate universal love and sympathy." —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Dagonet of the "Referee."

"Dagonet, Opposite-the-Ducks, London," will find the most genial and hard-working journalist in the metropolis without giving the postman any great trouble, for the man from the G.P.O. understands quite well that "Opposite-the-Ducks" means the house of Mr. George R. Sims, situated on the outskirts of Regent's Park, opposite the duck pond, round which the famous journalist often strolls with his pet bulldog at his heels. Mr. Sims loves bulldogs, horses, canaries, and a good briar pipe, but best of all he loves to make children happy at Christmas-time. That is why, 25 years ago, he started the "Referee" Children's Dinner Fund, which has provided 10,000,000 meals at Christmas-time for poor children attending the Metropolitan schools.

Couldn't Get Away From Him.

Howell—I understand that the boat you returned from Europe on broke the record.

Powell—So I heard, but it was the longest trip I ever took—to me. You see, one of my creditors came back by the same boat.—New York Press.

WOODCRAFT.

Methods of Canadian Indians In Traversing Forests.

A Canadian Indian, states a contemporary, never loses his way in the woods, being always able to find his road over a route once followed by him and also to penetrate forests that he has never seen if only another Indian shows him the general course in a rough draft on a piece of bark.

Indians display marked ability in communicating with one another in the woods. They telegraph by means of smoke, and it is astonishing how far off they can scent it—always a long time before they can see it or could hear a sound from its vicinity. If they expect to be followed by another party they stick a piece of wood in the ground on a portage, slanting it in the direction in which they are traveling. Those who find it will know by the degree of inclination whether they who planted it are traveling hurriedly or not.

If it be in summer, a small bough or piece of a shrub is fastened to the stake, and by the extent to which it has become withered those who find it will know when it was placed there. If a hunter, as very often happens, has to make a detour or to remain behind his squaw in search of game, she will occasionally indicate the route she has taken by sticks placed in the ground, to which she has attached a small portion of her skirt.

THE GERMAN CENSOR.

He Was a Terror to the Dramatist a Hundred Years Ago.

The way the censor worried the German dramatists of a century or so ago is strikingly illustrated by a book on the censorship in Germany published by Dr. Robert Heindl at Munich. The German theater used to be terribly moral. In 1795 the Viennese censor laid it down that an engaged couple ought not to quit the stage separately, but that they should be accompanied by an official who should be understood to be about to make immediate arrangements for their marriage. Even in 1848 misalliances were prohibited on the Viennese stage, for, as the censor sagely observed, these misfortunes will occur in real life, but they should not be allowed in the theater.

At Stuttgart the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Goethe was nearly prohibited because the Greek dress allowed the actors' bare legs to be seen. There was a long dispute over this point, but at last the censor permitted the play on condition that the actors wore yellow tights.

Few would have imagined that the Viennese censor was so careful of the morals of the population a hundred years ago, but Dr. Heindl shows that not merely political allusions were censored, but that the strictest decorum of word and of thought was insisted upon.

Counting Postal Cards.

Of the many interesting machines employed by the government in its daily work there may be mentioned those used for counting and tying postal cards into small bundles. These machines are capable of counting 500,000 cards in ten hours and wrapping and tying them in packages of twenty-five each. In this operation the paper is pulled off a drum by two long fingers which emerge from below, and another finger dips in a vat of mucilage and applies itself to the wrapping paper in precisely the right spot. Other parts of the machine twine the paper round the pack of cards, and then a thumb presses over the spot whereon the mucilage has been applied, whereupon the package is thrown on a carrying belt ready for delivery.

WAYS OF THE ARABS.

Dodging the Evil Eye and Tests of Filial Piety.

Very curious to the occidental mind are some of the ways of Arabia and other Mohammedan countries. A traveler says: "One of the objects of the most anxious solicitude for Mohammedan parents is the shielding of their children from the evil eye. Any person expressing admiration for a child except by pious ejaculation or the invocation of blessings upon the prophet fills the heart of the parent with apprehension. When children are to be taken into the street their faces are often even smeared with mud or greasy substances lest their comeliness should attract attention, and in order that the person of the child itself should escape attention gaudy and glittering ornaments are hung about it and written charms sewed into leather medallions suspended from its neck.

"One of the best of Arab characteristics is that of filial piety. Sons and daughters of deceased parents take upon themselves all sorts of irksome tasks accounted as expiatory of the minor faults committed by the departed ones during their lifetime and discharging faithfully every payment or obligation left unfulfilled by dead parents, for has not the prophet said that martyrdom even will not atone for an unpaid debt?

"Eloquence is accounted the greatest of all possible gifts. According to Arab tradition, the most superlative degree of eloquence was attained by King David, such being the beauty of his diction, added to the poetry of his words, that when he declaimed the Psalms even birds and wild beasts were spellbound, while on some occasions as many as 400 men died from the excess of delight induced by his reading."

Man, Poor Man!

Mrs. Flutter—Mrs. Crabapple says her husband kisses her goodby every morning of his life. Mr. Flutter—I often wondered what gave him that sour expression.—Smart Set.

Quite Plebeian.

"Now that there is fashion even in diseases, I wonder why mumps are not more in style?"

"Mumps! Good gracious! Why should they be fashionable?"

"Because they're such a swell thing to have."—Baltimore American.

Discontent is the want of self reliance. It is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

TWO LUNATICS.

By P. Y. BLACK.

"It was a shameful trap," he said, "on the part of my people. The doctors were very careless in their diagnosis. To shut me up in a place like this was really too bad. In a very short time, however, I expect to leave."

"Oh, dear," she thought, her eyes dimming, "they all say that! To think that the poor man will never, never, never leave! I am so glad—for you," she said aloud. "You will be overjoyed."

"Oh, I—yes. But do you know this sanitarium is not so bad?"

"Do you mean," she said gently, surprised, "that you will—er—have any regrets in leaving?"

"No," he said, "not exactly that, of course—not regrets so far as concerns myself, for it is so humiliating to be committed, you know." He paused. "But," he went on, "even in asylums one makes friends, and—one regrets—for them."

He looked down with a tenderness and a pity he could not hide, and she blushed, and for a moment there was silence. Then she said, with an obviously strained laugh:

"We are friends, of course, Mr. St. John. What an awful existence it would be here if one had no sympathetic friends! But you must not regret so much on my account. In a very short time I think my friends will take me home."

He choked a groan before she could hear it.

"The poor little thing!" he thought. "They all say that. And that decent young fellow, the doctor, assures me her case is very puzzling and her friends fear incurable. I am so glad for you," he said. "Would it not be jolly if we became friends in the world as we have been when out of the world?"

Then he blamed himself again.

"If she really likes me," he thought, "and I think the unhappy child does, I should never had said that. It is cruel, brutal, to put such thoughts in her head."

She was looking at him with the tearful smile we essay when we encourage one who does not realize that death is near.

"It would be nice—very nice indeed."

They were silent again, each sorrowing for the other.

There were many other patients strolling on the lawns or sitting in the summer houses, patients of all kinds.

Miss Tracy and St. John stood together, silent now and unostentatiously observant. A sturdily built (all the attendants were that) man was taking a patient to the iron barred house. He did not do it violently. He did it as one may see a policeman occasionally escort a quiet prisoner with a light touch on the captive's arm above the elbow. The patient was a little excited, but there was no disturbance at all. A visitor might never have noticed it. The strange thing was the unanimous backward withdrawal from the attendant's path of the patients encountered, the look of fright or dislike on their faces directed not at the captive, but at the guard.

"How they all dread him—instinctively, it seems," said the young woman who "expected to leave soon." "He is polite enough and not ill looking, but"—

"A man of great experience in his peculiar work, I'm told," said St. John musingly.

"It's his eye and mouth that do it, I fancy."

"A thoroughly ill dispositioned man, with a plausible exterior," said St. John. "I believe him capable of it."

"Of murder? Do—oh, what are you talking of, Mr. St. John?"

St. John looked very uncomfortable. Miss Tracy looked vexedly embarrassed.

"I heard some rumor of a strange death in the institution just before I came. I was thinking of it. Were you here? Have you heard anything of it?"

He was a little eager.

"How could I be here? We came on the same day. Don't you remember?"

"Ah, true!"

So they watched the attendant out of sight and turned to go inside themselves.

They shook hands, although there was no reason for it. They would meet at the dinner table in a few minutes, but—they shook hands, and that lingeringly.

"It's awfully sad," St. John pondered. "So sweet a face, seemingly so intelligent. I wish—oh, pshaw! What's the use of wishing? These things are not to be remedied. I wonder if—she'd give me a photograph."

Miss Tracy went to her room slowly.

"I am silly to be so affected by an ordinary case. There are thousands like him. But—oh, dear; oh, dear! If I'd known I was to have this sad experience I would never have consented to come—never!"

They had no opportunity to meet alone for several days. Perhaps they might have made opportunities, but they did not. Doubtless it occurred to each of these two lunatics that it was the wiser thing to stifle at once any friendship which each thought likely to cause useless pain in the future to the other.

Dr. Bell found these two of his residents particularly interesting in those days, and so did the attendant. It was strange that they both so markedly preferred the company of the sanitarium people to that of their fellow unfortunates. The young house doctor thought Miss Tracy charming and never was abrupt with her.

"Very puzzling case," he mused. "Now, why does she dwell so on that recent death? It seems to excite her too. That's morbidity, I'm afraid; bad sign."

The doctor liked St. John too. St. John's friends acted very nicely in sending him new books and boxes of cigars. The books were well chosen; the cigars were unexceptionable.

"Like all these paretics," he pondered, "in the first stages you would not think there was anything much wrong with the man, but it is a little singular that he should be so interested in that unlucky death also."

As for the attendants, Miss Tracy had flowers and little things and could teach the women quite a number of new fads in hairdressing, and so forth. For the men St. John's cigar box and full pocketbook sufficed to make them extremely courteous. The man with the wicked eyes and mouth benefited most, however. It was wonderful what a lot of little things he could do for Miss Tracy. It was strange that St. John should find anything in the man to talk about with common interest.

Just once the two lunatics met. It was just before bedtime in the music room. He had sung to her accompaniment. When she rose to say good night he almost whispered to her:

"I expect to go to New York tomorrow."

"I am so glad for your sake," she said.

"And—and you—you have made my stay almost tolerable. Is there nothing you will allow me to do for you?"

"Oh," she answered, with sprightliness, "I shall not be long in going myself."

"Poor, poor little dear," he said to his pillow, "it breaks me all up to think of her staying here incurable."

Miss Tracy packed her trunk, and tears dropped on silk and linen indifferently.

"Oh," she murmured, "I do so wish I had never come here. I can never, never forget the sad, gentle way he used to look at me."

There was lively work next afternoon in the building of the Gazette. A young man sat at a desk apart in the reporters' room, and he scribbled and he scribbled. By and by the managing editor came in and looked over the busy writer's shoulder and told him that he had only an hour to finish up in. Then the great presses began to clatter, and in a little while the first edition of the Gazette was ready for the street, with an enormous black scare head on the front page.

And in the office of the Morning Jury there was also a very lively bustling, and there, at a retired desk, a young woman sat, and she scribbled and she scribbled, and late at night the presses began to rumble, and in a little while the first edition of the Jury was ready for the street, with an enormous black scare head on the front page.

The Gazette and the Jury were within a few minutes of each other in getting out. A copy of each paper was hustled into the office of the other, for rival editors watch each other's work with catlike intentness. And the Gazette office read with dismay that the great asylum mystery had been solved by the indefatigable efforts of a Jury reporter, while the Jury night staff tore its editorial hair over the flaring boast of the Gazette that its "special commissioner" had given to a waiting world the first and only enlightenment of the famous crime. There had been no time for one paper to lift the news from the other. How had the expected scoop been spoiled?

Tumultuous was the wrath in the two offices. Miss Tracy was explaining to her managing editor, with tears in her eyes, that she could not understand at all, at all, how the Gazette had got hold of it. In the Gazette office Mr. St. John stormed and swore and said that for the life of him he could not understand how the Jury had got almost the same story.

"Good heavens!" shouted St. John suddenly, and he dashed out to the Jury office. There he found a friend, with whom he conferred. The two lunatics were introduced to each other and a minute or two afterward were alone together.

They laughed a great deal at the idea of two reporters on the same strange assignment, never suspecting each other, but their laugh was not very loud. The tender pity for each other of yesterday was still in mind.

"The attendant is arrested," said St. John. "You did not get it quite right. The patient he poisoned when nursing him was an old enemy. It was not done through trouble arising between them in the sanitarium."

"Oh, bother!" she said. "It doesn't matter. We've done our appointed work. Let's talk of something more pleasant."

So they did, and when he was about to go away he said:

"You said once we might be friends in the world as well as out of the world. Will we be friends, dear Miss Tracy?"

She looked at him so smilingly, yet so tremblingly, that he put his arm around her.

"Will you be more than friend, darling?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, and it was quite five minutes after, when some one's feet were heard approaching, that she jumped away and held up a warning finger.

"If your friend came in he'd think us mad," said she.

"Two lunatics!" he answered, laughing, as the door opened.

Women Writers War on Suffrage.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has not rested meekly under the rebuke of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who retorted vigorously to the assertion of the Englishwoman that equal suffrage in the western states has been a failure. Mrs. Ward formed her opinions on a roving visit to this country a few months ago and aired them on her return to England. Mrs. Howe replied through the London Times. The novelist now asserts that in a congress election in Denver a few years ago women were as active in frauds as men. Mrs. Ward has all the odds against her. Mrs. Howe has called the district attorney of Denver as a witness, and he says that out of seventy-eight persons involved in the frauds of which Mrs. Ward complains seventy-six were men and two were women. To make the case still stronger for Mrs. Howe and the American suffragist in general Judge Lindsey of Denver gives it as his experience that 99 per cent of the election frauds in Colorado are the work of men unassisted by women. This evidence seems to clinch the case for Mrs. Howe, and it is natural that the champions of woman's rights in England have seized upon the controversy as a weapon against Mrs. Ward, who has worked vigorously to keep women out of the political arena.

Polish your toilet silver a little every day with a soft, dry cloth, and it will not need to be polished once a week.

Covell's Joke

By WILLIAM MORRIS, JR.

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All Balmoral, with the exception of Dan Betterley and his sister, thought Colonel Covell's joke a good one. The Betterleys were excepted because the joke was on Dan and the talk across the bar of the Brindle Pup saloon was hushed on those rare occasions when Betterley favored the place with his company. At other times men slapped each other on the back and roared as Covell detailed the progress of events.

The joke had sprung from a careless remark made by Rob Henders, when Julie Betterley had refused to marry Howard Wetton on the ground that she did not want to leave Ben alone to keep house in bachelor discomfort.

"Some one would do Wetton a personal favor by marrying off Ben," suggested Henders, and the rest of the crowd shouted with delight at the idea of the silent Benjamin marrying.

"But he wouldn't know how to ask a girl," suggested Colonel Covell. "Some one would have to pop the question for him. By John Rogers," he added, "I think I'll do it for him! I've a maiden aunt back east who's been crazy to get married for more years than I've lived. Her name's Adora Dedrick, and she must be about sixty now.

"She's got a little money, and she may think that he's marrying her for that, but she'll take him. We'll carry along the game until we've proposed for him, and then we'll let Ben get the answer or else we'll bring the old lady on and let him fight it out with her."

"That would be great," declared Henders approvingly. "Let her walk right up to him and put her arms around his neck and say 'Darling!' I'll bet that will scare him into talking."

"I'll be one to help pay the old lady's traveling expenses on this here excursion," broke in Denver Bill, who dealt bank. "What will it cost?"

"Say $400," suggested Covell as he took off his hat and threw in $20. In a few minutes more than the needed sum had been realized, and, calling for pens and paper, Covell wrote the first letter, while the rest of the crowd looked on.

Betterley was not disliked in Balmoral, but his taciturn ways and his refusal to make one of the crowd that nightly thronged the Brindle Pup marked him a man apart from the rest. Hence the crowd was willing to pay for the pleasure of seeing his amazement when his undesirable bride elect should appear.

Unmindful of all postal regulations, the postmaster agreed to let Covell have the letters addressed to Dan Betterley should any come from the little New England town where Miss Adora Dedrick lived. Presently it came, a heavy letter in which Miss Dedrick expressed a willingness to correspond with a man so well recommended by Cousin Covell.

"I guess she's forgotten you, Col," suggested Henders when this line was reached, but Covell merely grinned appreciatively and continued to read.

There was little to laugh at in the letter. Indeed, more than one in the crowd wished there was some one back east who would write letters like that to him, but Covell's vivid description of Miss Dedrick's overripe charms and the thought of what Dan would say when she arrived kept the joke alive during the correspondence that followed. Finally when Miss Dedrick wrote that she was sending her picture and the accompanying photograph proved to be that of a comely girl scarcely out of her teens Covell rolled on the floor in his delight.

"Cousin Adora was that old before they knew how to take pictures," he insisted. "She must have begged this of a photographer. I think that it's time to spring the joke now. We'll send her the money to come on with and ask her to start at once. Dan will see this picture, and when Cousin Adora comes I reckon he'll be some surprised."

Covell laboriously indited a lengthy letter, in which he declared Dan's inability to wait longer for his bride and begging her to come west at once.

A few days later a telegram telephoned from the railroad town to camp announced her start, and when they had learned the sense of the message the plotters allowed it to be delivered, while at the same time Miss Adora's last letter and her picture, inclosed in the original letter, were placed back in the postoffice and delivered to Dan that evening.

The Brindle Pup kept open until 4 o'clock in the morning that the earliest news might be learned, but Dan gave no sign that he was disturbed. A scout reported that his shack was in darkness.

"I don't think I'd lose sleep myself," admitted Henders with regret. "I suppose it took him rather sudden that some one's done his courting for him, but he's willing to make good for his unknown friend with the original of that photograph."

"Wait until he sees what he draws," reminded Covell. "He'll go some shy of sleep when Cousin Adora gets after him with all those letters. She'll never believe that he didn't write them."

The thought cheered the disappointed ones, and even when Dan went quietly to his claim on the morrow and did not even ask the postmaster about the letter they chuckled as they thought of the awakening that was in store for him.

Every man in the camp was on hand when the stage came over from Buxton three days later.

Far down the trail the driver waved his hat three times as a signal that the bride had arrived, and they were all lined up about the front of the hotel where they could watch Ben and his sister without being so near that he might suspect something.

There was a tense moment when the veiled figure descended from the interior of the stage, but a murmur of disappointment followed when it was seen that a heavy automobile veil was impenetrable.

Dan came forward, and the arrival turned to him. He led her up to his sister, and the three climbed into the Betterley buckboard and were off to Dan's shack before the camp fairly realized that it was being robbed of its fun.

"It's going to be curious when she takes off that there veil," said Henders, with a sigh, "but it's darned mean that we can't declare in on the deal. I sort of feel that I've been cheated."

"Same here," chimed another voice, and, though Covell urged that there still would be plenty of fun, he was decidedly unpopular for the moment.

In an effort to change the humor of the crowd he invited them over to the Brindle Pup, and they were still having drinks at his expense when Dan Betterley strode in and drew Covell to one side.

"Look here," he said quietly, but with a ring of determination in his voice, "Dora has been asking for 'Cousin Covell,' and I suppose that means you. If it does, you are at the bottom of this trick. I want to know what it all means."

"It was a sort of joke," explained Covell, who did not appear to be greatly enjoying the "joke." "Some of the boys thought that you ought to be married, so's Julie could marry Howard Wetton, and I remembered that I had a Cousin Adora back east who's been wanting to be married for the last fifty years, so I thought I'd make the whole lot of you happy and"—

"And you did the writing," concluded Dan. "From what Dora says I gather that there were a number of letters I never saw. I want them."

From the saloon safe Covell extracted the package of letters and silently turned them over to Betterley.

"I suppose you know what the punishment is for illegal use of the mails?" he asked, raising his voice. "The first hint from any one that reaches my wife's ears to the effect that she was the victim of a rotten practical joke will bring a postal inspector here who will see that you get what's coming to you!"

"Your wife!" gasped Covell. "You don't mean to say that you're going to marry that mummy!"

"Doesn't the fact that you are still alive argue that?" asked Betterley. "The joke appears to be on you, Covell. I fell in love with her photograph just as Dora did with mine, and I was well content to make the match you so amiably planned."

"She looks like that photograph?" asked Covell gaspingly.

"It doesn't half do her justice," declared Betterley fondly. "The Adora Dedrick that you have been corresponding with became Mrs. Henry Sprague some ten years ago. This Adora is her niece, her brother's child, named after her. She was the only Miss Adora Dedrick, and she received the letters. She wants to see her cousin, and if you dare hint anything when you come up I'll"—

"You won't have to," said Covell humbly. "I've acted like a hound puppy, Dan. You needn't be afraid. I'm only too glad the joke's been switched."

"Same here," said Betterley, more contentedly. "You fellows come up tonight. There's going to be a double wedding, for now Julia can marry Wetton. You're a pretty good joker, colonel!"

"I ain't no joker," declared Covell, with more emphasis than grammar. "I'm one of them pretty pink Cupids that they have on valentines—and I'm rather good at the job too."

The Poverty Ridden.

Was there ever a more heartbreaking problem than that of being poor and yet looking prosperous? Far better were a diet of potatoes and cabbage soup and a pair of leather breeches of the vintage of 1858. And that is one great reason why the country—be it in Galway or Cattaraugus or Posey county—is a better place to be poor in than the city. A man is a man there, even if blue drilling jumpers are his best.

Barring a condition of actual, griping want—from which may God save all who were made in his image—there are no people in the world so fortunate as those who have made up their mind to be poor and happy together. Nor is there anywhere a man so cursed as he who can no longer live in the simple society in which he was born and yet yearns for it.—New York Mail.

The Beginning and the End.

The beginning is three or four weeks previous to election. Two aldermen get to talking politics over their beer, and one finally says:

"Well, Jim, I think I know the sentiment of the people, and I'm willing to bet my candidate will be elected."

"He doesn't stand an earthly show."

"Money talks."

"How much will you put up?"

"Five dollars."

"Done."

And two or three days after the election the daily paper informs its readers:

"Among those who had a clear insight into the temper of the electors throughout the country is Alderman Thomas, who backed his acumen with his money and is a winner to the extent of $30,000."—Baltimore American.

Phil May's Drawings.

The late Phil May was popularly supposed to be the "lightning artist" par excellence of England. It is quite true that he could draw many wonderful things "straight off." But when a subject had been chosen for a Punch illustration many drawings were made from a model or models who first had to be discovered. By a process of selection each drawing of the subject bore fewer lines. When the drawing was published most of those who looked at it thought that it had been done with a few rapid strokes of the pen, whereas it probably represented a week's hard work.

Bank of England Watchers.

When you enter the Bank of England by any door four pairs of eyes watch you, though you are unaware of this fact. Situated close to the doors are hiding places in which are four guardians of the bank. You cannot see them, but they can watch you with the aid of reflecting mirrors in which they can see your entrance and exit and every movement from the time you enter the portals of wealth to the moment you leave them.

HE KNOWS FROM HIS EXPERIENCE

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL CURE BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Postmaster Cote Tells How the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Him After Doctors Had Given Him Up.

Le Petit Bois Franc, Temiscouata Co., Que. (Special).—Mr. Charles Cote, postmaster here, is firmly convinced that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease or any other disease of the Kidneys. He knows it from his own experience. Hear what he says:

"For over four years I was troubled with Backache, Rheumatism and lack of ambition, and my urine was of a dark unnatural color. I was attended by three doctors who did me no good. The last one told me it was only a waste of money to try anything else as I could not live more than a year at the outside.

"At the verge of death I decided to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I used eighteen boxes and today my Rheumatism, Backache and Headache are gone. My urine is like that of a child. I feel I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Postmaster Cote had all the symptoms of Bright's Disease. The doctors evidently knew he had Bright's Disease—the most deadly form of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. They will cure any form of Kidney disease.

Some Gratuitous Advis

A man had sat for some time in a restaurant, looking thoughtfully at the proprietor, says the Youth's Companion.

"I see you advertise that you make your own ice cream," he said in a confidential tone.

"I do, sir," said the proprietor.

"Well," said the man, "would you permit me to give you a little pointer? I won't charge you a cent, and it'll be money in your pocket."

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure," said the proprietor.

"Get somebody else to make it," said the man, in a hoarse whisper.

Fresh Supplies in Demand.—Wherever Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has been introduced increased supplies have been ordered, showing that wherever it goes this excellent Oil impresses its power on the people. No matter in what latitude it may be found its potency is never impaired. It is put up in most portable shape in bottles and can be carried without fear of breakage.

Rifle bullets that go through five inches of wood do not penetrate three inches of pasteboard. That is the result of some interesting firing tests by the Swedish naval authorities at the fortress of Karlskrona. The target used was prepared of millboard, against which fire from revolvers, rifles, carbines and machine guns was directed. The pasteboard, which was three inches in thickness, resisted completely the bullets fired from the small arms, but was perforated by the projectiles from the machine guns.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The June bride frowned.

"These tomatoes," she said, "are just twice as dear as those across the street. Why is it?"

"Ah, ma'am, these"—and the grocer smiled—"these are hand-picked."

She blushed.

"Of course," she said, hastily; "I might have known. Give me a bushel, please."—Harper's Weekly.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

A few evenings ago a husband and wife were sitting in their home after dinner, and the old man was puffing his meerchaum and reading a newspaper, while mother was working on a piece of embroidery.

"What do you think of this?" remarked father, glancing from the newspaper to his wife. "Here is an article that says that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they have found a lot of petrified prisoners."

"Oh," responded mother, "I suppose they must have been some of the hardened criminals I have heard about."

Colds on the Chest

Ask your doctor the medical name for a cold on the chest. He will say, "Bronchitis." Ask him if it is ever serious. Lastly, ask him if he prescribes Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for this disease. Keep in close touch with your family physician.

Ayer's

We publish our formulas

We banish alcohol from our medicines

We urge you to consult your doctor

When you tell your doctor about the bad taste in your mouth, loss of appetite for breakfast, and frequent headaches, and when he sees your coated tongue, he will say, "You are bilious." Ayer's Pills work well in such cases.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

THE RIVER OF YOUTH.

From all the golden hills of dream,
Dew cool and rainbow kissed,
It twinges and curls a silver stream
Through valleys hung with mist.

Down past enchanted woods where
Romance walks ever young;
Where kings ride forth to take the air
On steeds with velvet hung—

Where secret stairways tempt the bold,
Where private caves abound,
And many a chest of Spanish gold
May solemnly be found!

Through magic years it twines and creeps
Past towers of peacock blue,
Where still some captive princess sleeps
And dreams come always true.

Then gleam by gleam the light goes out,
Then darkened, grief by grief,
It sighs into our sea of doubt
And manhood's unbelief!

—Arthur Stringer.

FOUNDER OF THE GALT FAMILY.

Something About Man Who Established Guelph and Galt.

It should interest many Canadians to know that there has just been published by the Oxford University Press a reprint of John Galt's "Annals of the Parish." Few of the present generation stop to think who John Galt was, and probably still fewer have read the "Annals of the Parish." Yet this same John Galt was the founder of the city of Guelph and also of the town which bears his name. He came to Canada in the early twenties as Chief Commissioner of the Canada Company of whom he called himself the "chief contriver." He was the founder of the family in this country that bears his name. Sir Thomas Galt, one of the noted judges of this province, was a son of his, and Mr. Percy Galt, the well-known barrister, of Toronto, is a grandson. In the Mother Land his early book, which was in reality the beginning of what is known as the "Kailyard school" of literature, which has had a modern fruitage in such works as Barrie's "A Window in Thrums" and the late Ian Maclaren's "Bonnie Briar Bush."

In this new edition of his chief important literary achievement it is stated, with the lofty tone of a literary pundit, by the editor of the volume that: "The most interesting thing about Galt is his thankless attitude towards literature. When he was a young man he believed, like many young men ignorant of the world, that literature was the first of human pursuits, and he was in love with 'the post orbit halo that surrounds a literary name'. The fervor of youth once past, he was a publicist by choice, and an author only by necessity."

It appears that Mr. Galt wrote an autobiography which should be a rather precious possession for students of the early history of Ontario, and Mr. G. S. Gordon, his editor, is inclined to think that in it he made too little of his literary reputation. He suspects, probably unjustly, that Galt was ashamed of being an author at all. He goes on to say:

"Galt's lodgings on Downing street, his principle of rapid composition and carefully maintained demeanor of burgher-like ease, were all moves in a game—the game which Scott and the whole Blackwood group of writers played so zealously in Edinburgh. They were meant to throw society off the scent, or to appease it by their evident contrition."

"I shall not be justly dealt with," he said, "if I am considered merely as a literary man." He comforted himself with the thought that when his numerous books were forgotten he would still be remembered as the "contriver of the Canada Company."

Scotchmen Fit In.

The Victoria, B.C., Colonist says: In an address before the Morayshire Farmers' Club a short time ago, G. A. Ferguson, farmer, Surradale, near Elgin, Scotland, who was a member of the recent agricultural commission to Canada, related some of his experiences in the Dominion. In his concluding remarks Mr. Ferguson said Canada was a great country, a country of untold possibilities with its rich soil and superb climate. It was the land for the worker and for the man of ambition—above all, it was the land for Scotchmen who found their field too lean and too narrow. Scotchmen seemed to fit into the ways of Canada at once, and thought it a better home even than the one they had left. Canada could offer everything that the heart of many a hard-working father of a family desired. The strength of home ties compelled many a one to live miserably in the Old Country when by the same energy and application he could, with the better opportunities in Canada, live in comfort and security. With its great wealth of country and with its splendid organization, Canada would soon play a brilliant part in the world's history.

Ancient Mariners.

That the Egyptians made sea voyages long before the time of Solomon, hitherto considered the first ocean traveler on a large scale, is declared by Professor James H. Breasted to be conclusively proved by a tablet found by him in Palermo, Sicily, during the three years' exploring trip from which he recently returned. Professor Breasted asserts that the inscriptions on the tablet show that the Egyptian king who built the first pyramids made a voyage with forty ships across the Mediterranean to Lebanon to obtain cedar for a temple. This journey, according to the professor, was made in the thirtieth century B. C., or 2,000 years before Solomon made his voyage for a similar purpose.

Possible Breakdown.

Pearl—Her father heard she was going to elope in an automobile, and he was furious.

Ruby—Indeed!

Pearl—Yes; he said automobiles could not be trusted. Advised her to elope in a cab.—Houston Post.

Hailed.

"Does that young woman hail from Boston?"

"Yes," answered the western youth thoughtfully, "that expresses the idea precisely. She hails from Boston. I was never before overtaken by such a heavy downfall of intellectual ice."

TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION

The Only Sensible Way to Cure Stomach Troubles and Give New Health.

When [illegible]e stomach i[illegible]eeble the food lies [illegible] it undig[illegible] decays and throws of[illegible] poisonou[illegible]ases that distend the [illegible]alls of [illegible]ence with other causes ser[illegible]us inter[illegible] the action of organs, es[illegible]cially [illegible] These poisonous the heart [illegible]d lung[illegible]ects. They are gases have [illegible]ther ill[illegible] and so weaken absorbed b[illegible] the bl[illegible] cause aches in and corrup[illegible] it as[illegible] body and the remote pa[illegible] of [illegible]thy tissue everyformation [illegible] unh[illegible]lly weakness and where. Ge[illegible]al b[illegible] result. The loss of weig[illegible]t is [illegible] are disturbed, nerves and [illegible]e b[illegible]ns dizziness, hot and discomfo[illegible] su[illegible] irritability and flashes, sleep[illegible]sne[illegible] from this despondency [illegible]origi[illegible]ws that these source. Expe[illegible]ence [illegible] soon as the troubles vani[illegible] just[illegible]ng enough to stomach is made [illegible] other words it digest the foo[illegible]. In[illegible] rouse it to do needs a tonic that wi[illegible] the food into the work of changin[illegible] ought to be nourishment. The to[illegible] the most deone that will agree wi[illegible] is exactly licate Stomach and th[illegible] Pills do. what Dr. Williams' [illegible]oof: Here is a bit of strong [illegible]

Miss Lizzie Macdona[illegible] Harbor-au-Bouche, N.S., says:—"[illegible] Williams' Pink Pills have done for [illegible] what no other medicine did or [illegible]parently could do. For almost th[illegible] years I suffered untold agony fr[illegible] indigestion. I would have the m[illegible] distressing pains in the stomach [illegible] eating. I could not sleep at night [illegible] I would rise in the morning feelin[illegible] tired and worn out. I lost in weig[illegible] and was almost reduced to a sh[illegible] I was under doctor's treatment [illegible] almost constantly but with[illegible] One day I read [illegible]monial of a lady who had [illegible] cured of dyspepsia by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try [illegible]em. The first two or three boxes [illegible]k did not show any apparent re[illegible]nd I began to fear the medicine [illegible] not help me, but as I had [illegible]t a half dozen boxes I decided [illegible] I would use them up anyway. [illegible]y joy, before they were all used [illegible]gan to improve and I got three [illegible] more. By the time I finished [illegible] I was again in the best of [illegible]th and gained 12 pounds in [illegible]t. I have not since had a twinge [illegible]is terrible trouble, and am more [illegible]ful than words can say for what [illegible] Williams' Pink Pills have done [illegible]e."

[illegible]u can get Dr. Williams' Pink [illegible] from any medicine dealer or by [illegible] at 50 cents a box or six boxes [illegible]$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' [illegible]icine Co., Brockville, Ont.

[illegible]ank S. Lahm, the father of Lieut. [illegible]n, the champion balloonist, had [illegible] twenty-minute sail in Wilbur [illegible]ght's aeroplane at Le Hans last [illegible]th. In Paris afterwards he talked [illegible]viation.

"[illegible]he sensation of flying," he said, [illegible]like that of sailing in a very [illegible] steamer, without any vibration [illegible] rolling, over a sea perfectly [illegible]oth.

[illegible] was very lucky to go up. Mr. [illegible]ght has hundreds of applications [illegible] flights. He has to refuse 99 in [illegible] But his refusals are put deli[illegible]. They are as delicate as the [illegible] husband's dismissal of his [illegible]'s mother.

This lady had been visiting at the [illegible]'s house steadily for seven [illegible]ths. On toward Christmas time [illegible] said to him:

'John, I am going to have my [illegible]tograph taken as a Christmas gift [illegible] you and Minnie. What dress do [illegible] prefer me in?'

'Your traveling gown, dear mo[illegible]' the son-in-law replied

[illegible] had always thought the public [illegible]ants of my own city were the [illegible]est on earth," says a New York [illegible] "but a recent experience in [illegible]sas City has led to a revision of [illegible] notion.

One afternoon I dashed into a [illegible]way station of that town with [illegible] half a minute to buy my ticket [illegible] enter a train for Chicago. I dash[illegible]hrough the first gate and, pointing [illegible] certain train, asked hurriedly of [illegible] gateman:

'Is that my train?'

'Well, I don't know,' replied he, [illegible] exasperating deliberation. 'May [illegible] it is, but the cars have the com[illegible]y's name on them.'"—Harper's

"I can testify to the great merits of your Emulsion, especially in all diseases of a pulmonary nature. It has saved many lives that otherwise would have yielded to consumption . . . we keep *Scott's Emulsion* in the house all the time and all the family use it."—MR. C. J. BUDLONG, Box 158, Washington, R. I.

Scott's Emulsion

does ALL it does by creating flesh and strength so rapidly that the progress of the disease is retarded and often stopped. It is a wonderful flesh builder and so easy to digest that the youngest child and most delicate adult can take it. If you are losing flesh from consumption or any other cause take SCOTT'S EMULSION. It will stop the wasting and strengthen the whole system.

Be sure to get SCOTT'S

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Budlong's letter—his case is really wonderful—and some interesting literature regarding our preparation. Just send us a card mentioning this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

HUNT FO[illegible]

[illegible]llow Old Clue to Two Irish Lad[illegible]ul Issue.

Suc[illegible] of a patient search

A curious and what came of it for [illegible] in the Dublin courts recently during an action brought by Patrick Cleary, an Enniskillen man, for $2,000, against a Mrs. Sibley. The woman was an heiress, and had been found by strange good fortune among London's millions.

Mr. Cleary, who had engineered the hunt, now claimed to be reimbursed for the cost of finding her, and for the keep of her uncle, the man who left the fortune, which totaled some thousands of pounds.

Counsel, in relating the circumstances, said the man with the money was Mr. Polson, an Enniskillen newspaper proprietor. He was an old man of 85, and a bachelor. He lived alone, and was looked after by Mr and Mrs. Cleary, who never received any money from him for their services, but relied on a promise he made to leave them something on his death. But he died intestate.

After his death, the Clearys turned the place upside down, looking for some paper that would lead to the discovery of a relative to inherit his fortune, for no one related to him had been seen or heard of by them. It might seem like a romance, counsel added, but they turned over about three tons of papers and other rubbish in their search.

Eventually they came across a letter dated 1849, written to Mr. Polson, when he was a young man, by his father. In that letter the father mentioned another son, named George, who, he said, had gone to sea.

On the strength of his fifty-year-old clue Cleary sent off his two young sons to hunt for George, who must be an old man, if alive, at this time. The young Clearys went to Bristol and stayed there looking for some trace of the old sailor or his descendants, Mr Cleary paying their expenses.

The boys ransacked the records in Bristol Town Hall and the churches, and at last discovered that old Mr. Polson's father had been a beadle in one of the churches of the city, and that the brother George, mentioned in the ageworn letter, had left a daughter, who would, of course, be a niece of the dead man and the heiress to his money.

But the daughter was not in Bristol. They were told she might be found in London, so from Bristol to London they went, as if they expected to find one woman among the great city's millions.

But they had the good luck to direct their steps to the shipping office of a firm named Lidgate, who turned out to be the owners of the very vessel in which old Polson's sailor brother George had sailed in 1849.

There was a clue! A clue more than fifty years old, but a clue! From it they actually managed to hunt up George's daughter, who had become Mrs. Sibley.

The solicitor for the defense admitted that the discovery of Mrs Sibley was due to the industry of Cleary and his sons.

The jury awarded Mr. Cleary $865.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

A neat little gift is a small crocheted slipper, with a chamois sole, in which a silver thimble is placed. Crochet the toe and sides with silkateen. Two slippers can be made, tied with ribbon, and one stuffed with an emery bag. Each should be an inch long.

In stitching a pocket on the outside of a garment run the stitching half an inch above the edge of the pocket. This prevents the body of the garment from tearing, as is so often the case when the pocket is put on in the old way. When stitching around a cuff or wristband on the machine always turn the sleeve wrong side out, then set the presser foot inside the wristband.

Baby bibs are nice little things for gifts, and they may be ordinary ones or the "feeding" variety, whichever the maker desires. "Feeding" bibs measure 10 to 16 inches, with a tiny curved piece cut from the top to fit around the neck. On the edges of this the tape is fastened. These are usually of huckleback toweling or linen and may be embroidered with old fashioned cross stitch done with darning cotton or else with regular D. M. C. embroidery cotton.

Something decidedly new for busy fingers is found in the art of paintography, which will be a delightful pastime for girls or women who are not original enough to paint their own china. The articles come stamped just as do doilies, and the operator has only to use her own judgment in color schemes which are applied along the delicate lines. The oriental markings are pretty, and the colors are lasting, calling for no kiln to complete the work.

Importations Increase.

In forty years importations have increased by no less an amount than $300,000,000; dutiable goods increased from $45,250,395 to $230,917,914, and free goods from $23,314,102 to $133,319,950. Once more the increase is most gratifying, as in two years it has been $54,000,000 in dutiable goods and $23,000,000 in free goods. Even when we come to show exports from Montreal alone we find an increase last year compared with the year 1907. Not very much, it is true, but still large enough to be noticeable. The record to March 31, 1908, was the second largest for the year in 22 years.

Turning to manufactures, although the precise figures are not just now available, it is agreeable to know from reliable sources that the increase during the past year must have been considerable.

The Order of Fools.

April 1 is not the only fools' day in the year. On November 12, 1381, the Order of Fools was instituted by Adolphus, count of Cleves.

Members were not by any means idiots, however, for the word had a different meaning then. They were the prototype of our modern Order of Foresters or Odd Fellows, doing a similarly benevolent work. Their insignia consisted of a mantle, upon the left shoulder of which was embroidered a jester, or fool, in cap and bells, yellow hose and silver vest. So these cheery, useful jokers had a bright, happy outlook upon life and met together to dispense the earnest of their healthful existence at stated intervals, the chief day of which was Nov. 12.—London Chronicle.

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peruna be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that each one of them was of undoubted value in chronic catarrhal diseases, and had stood the test of many years' experience in the treatment of such diseases. THERE CAN BE NO DISPUTE ABOUT THIS WHATEVER. Peruna is composed of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrh. Every ingredient of Peruna has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh.

Peruna brings to the home the COMBINED KNOWLEDGE OF SEVERAL SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE in the treatment of catarrhal diseases; brings to the home the scientific skill and knowledge of the modern pharmacist; and last but not least, brings to the home the vast and varied experience of Dr. Hartman, in the use of catarrh remedies, and in the treatment of catarrhal diseases.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

BUT THEY ALL FAILED TO BRING ANY RELIEF.

Dr. Hartman's idea is that a catarrh remedy can be made on a large scale, as he is making it; that it can be made honestly, of the purest drugs and of the strictest uniformity. His idea is that this remedy can be supplied directly to the people, and no more be charged for it than is necessary for the handling of it.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Peruna invites the full inspection of the critics.

For a free illustrated booklet entitled "The Truth About Peruna," address The Peruna Co., Columbus, Ohio. Mailed postpaid.

Two Touching Appeals.

A layer having offices in a Philadelphia building wherein there are some hundreds of tenants recently lost a cuff-link, one of a pair that he greatly prized.

Being absolutely certain that he had dropped the link somewhere in the building he caused a notice to be posted in the following terms:

"Lost. A gold cuff-link. The owner, William Ward, will deeply appreciate its immediate return."

That afternoon, on passing the door whereon this notice was posted, what were the feelings of the lawyer to observe that appended thereto were these lines:

"The finder of the missing cuff-link would deem it a great favor if the owner would kindly lose the other link."—Saturday Evening Post.

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

"She rambles in her talk."

"Quite so. Now why can't she say what she has to say without going all around Robin Hood's garage?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

The Doctor—I've ruined my practice.

The Friend—Goodness! How?

The Doctor—I ordered my patients to spend a few weeks in the south, and they've all come back cured."—Cleveland Leader.

Corns are caused by the pressure of tight boots, but no one need be troubled with them long when so simple a remedy as Holloway's Corn Cure is available.

Fumigating Library Books.

The library subscriber sniffed suspiciously at the copy of "The Three Musketeers" which she was about to take home. "Carbolic acid," she said "Have you been fumigating the books?"

"No, we haven't," said the librarian. "but some subscriber has. Many of our patrons like to do their own fumigating. Usually they use carbolic acid At times when a good deal of sickness is reported the fumigating craze is especially severe and one-third of the books brought into the library smell to heaven with carbolic acid."

Judges as Humorists.

Judge Bacon, who recently completed his thirtieth year upon the English County Court Bench, has a wit which is proverbial, while his scathing criticism of women suitors has created considerable amusement at times. His remark, "No woman's hat should cost more than $2 created a "silly season" correspondence some time ago. He is an accomplished linguist, having an acquaintance with nearly every Continental tongue. This knowledge he keeps to himself, being prepared to pounce upon a foreign litigant when there is a deviation from veracity. Judge Reatoul, too, has a very pretty wit when he cares to use it. Speaking a good many years ago at a Anti-Home Rule meeting in Northampton, he said that the one part of Ireland which was happy, contented and undisturbed was Connemara. "In Connemara," he added, "the peasants don't speak English, and the pathriots can't speak Oirish."

BOERS PRAISE KING.

Transvaal Journal Compares Him With Wilhelm of Germany.

De Transvaaler, one of the leading Dutch papers in South Africa, in an article on "The British King," after emphasizing the nationality of the Boer race and language under the protection of the British flag, then proceeds:

"Apart from these considerations, the Dutch have special reason to respect the person of King Edward. His Majesty's conduct at the present moment stands out in magnificent contrast above that of the German Emperor, whose recent utterances have given us all a thorough insight into his Germanic Majesty's heart and inwardness.

"We have never known the King to utter anything that was ungentlemanly or in the least calculated to offend the feelings of the subjects of other monarchs, not to mention his own. His Majesty has too much good sense for that, and is too thorough a gentleman. Nor have we known him to play the Judas towards a people struggling for their independence and the freedom of their fatherland. He is too gallant a lord for that. We have not known him to place any of his Ministers in the painful position in which Prince Von Buelow finds himself, nor to make his nation a laughing-stock as the Kaiser has done.

"We deeply sympathize with the German nation. Their Emperor has done them a bad turn indeed. Comparisons are odious, and we have particular delight in making this comparison between the King of England and the Kaiser as odious as we can very well make it. The King fought us, and put us under. He did so in the face of the world. The Kaiser pretended to be our frend, and secretly he planned our destruction as a Republican nation.

"The Boers are not slow to notice this contrast between the two monarchs, and they silently bless God that they have at least no Kaiser's birthday to celebrate!"

SOME LOCAL NICKNAMES.

English Names Have Old Associations Connected With Them.

Among the old things that have died out are the local nicknames given to inhabitants of various cities or counties. There is a well-known Lancashire saying connected with a stagecoach driver, which is remarkable for its nice grades of distinction between four passengers. The old driver was asked: "Who has ta gotten i' th' coach, Jem?" And Jem replied: "Wha, there's a gentleman fro' Liverpool, and a mon fro' Manchester, and a chap fro' Oldham, and a felly fro' Wigan."

"Yorkshire," again, is a term used for cunning or shrewdness. "He's a deep 'un," says someone in one of Charles Reade's novels, "but we are Yorkshire, too." A lying old proverb says: "Shake a bridle over a Yorkshireman's grave, and he will arise and steal a horse."

A jocular nickname for men of Norfolk is "Norfolk Dumplings," perhaps because these East-country folk still maintain the custom of serving "dumplings" or pudding before meat, which in old days was a general custom, especially in economical households, for the pudding took the edge off the sharp appetite.

The Lincolnshire nickname is the uncomplimentary one of "Yellow Bellies," in allusion to the frogs and eels which abound in the fen country. A neighboring county has long been called "Bean-belly Leicestershire," and there is an old saying: "Shake a Leicestershire yeoman by the collar, and you shall hear the beans rattle."

Latest In Tower Clocks.

The new tower of the Birmingham University is to be fitted with one of the largest clocks in this country. It will have four dials, each 17-1-2 feet in diameter, made of cast skeleton iron filled in with white pot opal for illumination at night. The hands are made of strong rolled sheet copper, and each pair weigh about 150 pounds. The extreme length of the minute-hand is 10 feet 4 inches, and the hour-hand at the widest part is 2 feet. The clock itself is over 9 feet long, the frame being one solid casting, weighing alone about half a ton. It will strike the hours and Westminster chime quarters on five bells, weighing about ten tons, the largest, or hour-bell, weighing five tons. The clock will only require winding once a week, the total weight when installed, including the dials, bells, weights, etc., being quite twenty tons. The makers, Messrs. Joyce & Co., Whitchurch, Shropshire, England, have erected hundreds of important clocks in all parts of the world.

"That Reminds Me."

Many and varied are the methods to which busy men have recourse in order to keep their memory "peeled." A very successful plan is that of a shrewd London man, who has recourse to the use of pepper or snuff to jog his memory. A liberal dose spread over his handkerchief greets his olfactory nerves whenever he extracts it from his pocket, and, as he himself says, then "that reminds me." It is a somewhat uncomfortable plan, but, it must be admitted, it is decidedly effective. There is one old Government clerk in Whitehall who is an amusement to all the juniors. When he has any matter of urgent importance to attend to in the morning he invariably ties two of his fingers together with a small piece of red tape.

Bluestockings.

Boswell in his "Life of Dr. Johnson" states that in his day there were certain meetings held by ladies to afford them opportunity of holding converse with eminent literary men. The most distinguished talker of these gatherings was a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings. When away his absence was so felt that the remark became common, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings"; hence the meetings at which he figured began to be called "bluestocking clubs" and those who frequented them bluestockings.

A Monster Loaf.

Bakers in Germany are fond of making odd experiments, the following being reported from Duisburg, in Westphalia. At a children's party recently held in that town there was exhibited and afterward cut up and distributed among the youngsters present a bread twist which for size at least has surely rarely been equaled. Weighing no less than 180 pounds, it had a breadth of 1.70 meters and a length of 3.20 meters and was thus found sufficient to supply a satisfactory afternoon collation to as many as 500 boys and girls.—Bakers' Weekly.

After Effects of La Grippe

Most people know from bitter experience the evils which follow in the train of La Grippe. The whole system is run down, appetite entirely fails, there is a continual feeling of langour and weakness, and life seems scarcely worth living. In many cases the lungs are attacked, and the victim gradually declines, until prematurely carried off by the dreaded "white plague."

Mrs. Hope (nee Cattle), of Morpeth, writes: "My lungs were in a terrible state. I had had La Grippe, and it had settled on my lungs. I kept steadily getting worse, and got so low that I was confined to bed, and could not even sit up. I consulted several doctors but they said nothing could be done for me. Then I started taking **PSYCHINE** and it has certainly done wonders. I am now as strong as I was before my sickness, and can truly say that **PSYCHINE** saved my life."

Such testimony as this is convincing. If you are suffering in a similar way, and have almost despaired of ever recovering the health you once enjoyed, why not send for a sample bottle of **PSYCHINE** and test it for yourself? There is no reason why you should not be restored. **PSYCHINE** has proved the sovereign remedy in hundreds of other cases. Why not in yours? **PSYCHINE** is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50c and $1.00 a bottle. LIFE IN EVERY DOSE.

Sunday school Teacher: Did you ever forgive an enemy?

Tommy Tuffnut: Wunst.

Sunday School Teacher: And what noble sentiment prompted you to do it?

Tommy Tuffnut: He wuz bigger dan me.—Philadelphia Record.

A Standard Medicine.— Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, compounded of entirely vegetable substances known to have a revivifying and salutary effect upon the digestive organs, have through years of use attained so eminent a position that they rank as a standard medicine. The ailing should remember this. Simple in their composition they can be assimilated by the weakest stomach and are certain to have a healthful and agreeable effect on the sluggish digestive organs.

Shoe Dealer—Here are a pair of boots that will suit you exactly in your next dash for the pole. How did you like the last pair I sold you?

Arctic Explorer (reminiscently)—The best I ever tasted.—Chicago News.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Ventilation, writes a correspondent, is beginning to be understood, and its hygienic value appreciated. But the beneficient effects of sunlight meet with less appreciation. If people would consider for a moment the effect upon vegetable life cut off from the sun's rays they could hardly fail to draw an inference that would usefully bear upon their own existence.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Father (angrily)—If my son marries that actress I shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell him so.

Legal Adviser—I know a better plan than that—tell the girl.—Boston Transcript.

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Casey, "some wan told me husband, Pat, that he c'd have his pants pressed be lettin' th' steam.

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"Black Knight" Stove Polish

does away with all the dirty work of keeping stoves clean. No mixing—no hard rubbing. "Black Knight" is always ready to use—shines quick as a wink—and puts on a bright, black polish that delights every woman's heart. Equally good for Stoves, Pipes, Grates and Ironwork.

If you can't get "Black Knight" in your neighborhood, send name of dealer and 10c for full sized can.

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will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Bruises, Soft Bunches. Cure Boils, Fistula or any unhealthy sore quickly; pleasant to use; does not blister under bandage or remove the hair, and you can work the horse. $2 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Horse Book 7 D free. ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00 per bottle. Reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Goitre, Wens, Strains, Bruises, stops Pain and Inflammation. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 137 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

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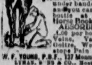

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STRATHCONA CONSERVATIVE ASSOC'N

ANNUAL MEETING

MONDAY, MARCH 1

in

ROSS HALL

at 8.30 p.m.

All Conservatives are urgently requested to make a point of being present

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Congo Calling For Gold

BRUSSELS, Feb. 25.—One of the biggest problems which now face Belgium now that it has assumed control of the Congo is the introduction of adequate money supply into the African dependency. King Leopold endowed the Congo with a magnificant monetary system—on paper. He established a gold standard, but minted no gold coin and excepting the currency made from brass wire, he put very little money of any sort into circulation.

Belgium promises to change the Congo procedure; to make the money system a reality and put as much money as is needed into circulation in its new colony. That is a bold promise, for cash amounting to many millions is needed.

The natives know what money is. They have never been without a currency of some sort. These savages are no fools. They understand the law made by the white man. They know that under it cash payments of the government tax will secure their personal liberty to them, and that liberty they are determined to have, even if they must work for it. When King Leopold transferred the Congo sovereignity to Belgium, the money in circulation, including bank notes, silver and copper, bore a face value of $237,540.

This money, eked out by English gold which the state accepted as legal tender was not always sufficient for the needs of traders in their dealings with the state. The government officials in the Congo insist in all payments for carriage as well as dues being made in Congo coin or sovereigns. At times there is not enough of such coins to be found in the Bamo and more than once the governor of the Congo has had to interfere in order to prevent a money crisis, and order the officials to accept French money, easily obtainable from the French Congo, on the other side of the great African river. As a rule, however, foreign coin has been kept out of the Congo. If it is still to be kept out the Belgian mint must be busy for a long time to come.

Putting the needs of traders aside, the $200,000 or so left by King Leopold will hardly be a drop in the bucket when the government pay day comes around. The payroll of the Belgian colonial office is enormous. The department of agriculture employs 10,000 native workers; there are 14,000 natives in the public force; 4 000 natives are employed regularly on the railway works; in the shipyards at Leopoldville alone 500 natives are employed; many thousands are engaged on the state vessles and waterways; and there are other departments served by multitudes of natives.

Bury Money With Chiefs

From a careful analysis of th Congo budget it appears that 53.41 of the ordinary expenses of the state comes under the head of what has been called "services from which the blacks derive at least partial utility." These "services" those in which the natives work and draw pay; the national domain, for example, the working of which costs the state over $1,200,000 in 1906, while the natives were still working on it under compulsion of the labor tax and paid in kind; the public force, which cost $1,000,000 and the naval force which cost over $400,000.

From the foundation of the state to 1908, its total outlay, exclusive of extraordinary expenditure, amounted to $73,915,951.20. Of this sum over $49,200,000 was paid to the natives or expended on works of immediate benefit to them. This was the actual cost in cash to the state. The cash was spent in part on trade goods with which to pay wages, but though the money did not remain in the Congo the state had to pay that sum for the up-keep of the Colony, and Belgium will have similar payments to make in the future.

It will require an immense amount of coin to meet these expenses year after year in cash, for tthe natives withdraw a huge amount of money from circulation to turn it to some uses which civilization finds hardly necessary, such as burying it with chiefs; or to others which civilization thinks crude, as for example, decorating noses, ears, arms and legs with it.

The Ostentatious Rich.

It is probable that the fear of the great drain which would be caused by the continual disappearance of coin from currency was the cause which led King Leopold's government to continue the truck system of payment for so many years. The existence of this danger was proved by the manner in which the natives used the money made from brass wire. They bent the mitakos into rings and the ostentatious irch covered themselves with them to such an extent that their limbs became extended and their necks stretched to twice their natural size.

Slaves were the gold standard of the natives for years. There was continual dealing in slaves everywhere in the Congo, for home use as well as for export; and by retail as well as by wholesale. It was a common thing to have live slaves brought up to market and sold piecemeal, limb by limb to different buyers.

The white traders who were settled in Central Africa before the foundation of the Congo state did not interfere with the slave trade, but they set up an abominable money standard of their own place of coin.

The representatives of the Netherlands explained this and defended it at the conference in Berlin. "The sale of drink," they said, "was notably established in commercial usage, according to which spirits represented money, and were the principal instruments of exchange in the Congo basin." The conference refused to interfere with the sale of gin, but it has since been stamped out.

Missionaries' Good work.

[illegible] ant missionaries seem to have Prote[illegible] who sought to raise the been the firs[illegible] of trade. They [illegible]ted natives by mean[illegible] chatter and [illegible]ffic. on the natives love o[illegible] barter. They Their plan was that [illegible]d natives cloth. opened stores and bart[illegible] and all sorts of beads, brass rods, knive[illegible] material food trade goods for buildin[illegible] the natives and generally for what dirty business," had to sell of value. "A[illegible], who saw it said Mrs. Grattin Guinness, but one practised in its commen[illegible]orough[illegible] enjoy the natives themselves [illegible] nevertheless."

[illegible] up a[illegible]und the Big settlements spra[illegible] the missionaries' mission stations and [illegible] grew large. trade with the nat[illegible]panies also traded Agents of rubber co[illegible] profits were drawn largely, and dazzling [illegible] and by means of from dealings in tru[illegible]. These dealings the brass wire curre[illegible] illegal, and to the were never declar[illegible] re are localities in present moment [illegible]tinued with huge which they are [illegible] The profits of one profit to the raders. trading companies, of the independent to $2,630,000 net in the Kasai, amount [illegible] 1906 alone. [illegible]plained, in the offi-

King Leopold [illegible] of the state, that his cial publications inoculate the taste for plan was one [illegible] by forcing them to work in the [illegible] hours a month labor for so[illegible] lands collecting rub chiefly on the[illegible] them for their labor [illegible], and payin[illegible] here developed the fam- From this plan [illegible] it no money [illegible] Congo system. Under [illegible] labor was passed hands until recently. [illegible] obligatory on the natives as a tax; the payment or reward to them was made in kind. The system was changed in 1906 when it was decreed that only one tax should be imposed on the natives, that cash; that it might be as low as $1.20 a year and that it should never be higher than $4.80.

The latest traveller in the Congo, M Emile Vandervelde, leader of the Belgian socialists, writing from the Congo in September, 1908, describes how, in the last year of King Leopold's soverignity, "at the instance of missionaries and others," the state "finally decided to renounce rubber and introduce the tax in money."

The reports of the foreign consuls bear out the statements of the Belgian socialist. The natives are working hard and are clamoring for cash payments In return for the rich exports of the Congo to her mother country, Belgium must scatter gold over her expectant colony.

Farmers Are Dissatisfied

Continued from page 1

[illegible]rs could not, the result being that the farmers had to sell out at a loss. The farmers of Alberta knew they would meet with the same kind of loss were they to go into business on the same lines. The problem was one of trade and commerce, in which the Dominion government had the only right to dea[illegible]

Moore (Red Deer) regreted the discussion should have fallen to such low standards, that the honorable member for High River should charge the government with a subterfuge. When a subterfuge was charged, it amounted to deception. The House should receive the statement of the Premier with respect. He pointed out that the province was not trying to shirk its responsibility in the grain problem, but, as announced in the resolution, was quite ready to asume the solution of the problem, provided the necessary powers were given.
one."

Members demanded an apology for this but Roberison refused, saying Moore had used terms ten times stronger than his own. Premier Rutherford declined to press an apology.

The Election act was finally passed yesterday, together with the Wolf Bounty bill, the bill to amend the Wetaskiwin charter, the bill to amend the Edmonton charter, and several other small bills. The bill to incorporate the Alberta Southwestern railway, a G.T.P. line into the Crow's Nest, was withdrawn as the company are now applying for a Dominion charter.

Prorogation is looked for this afternoon or tomorrow.

Premier Rutherford read to the House yesterday a leading article in The Journal of Wednesday morning on the budget speech, which pointed out that the expenditure last year year had far exceeded the revenues and that a further large deficit was expected for this year. The premier said he ed the revenues. The premier said he thought he had carefully explained that the telephone account was kept entirely separate from the general accounts, and that the telephone expenditures were not to be included with the general expenditures. He said the moneys for the telephone department were being taken from the loan of two million dollars advanced by the Imperial Bank. Of this loan only $1,300,000 had ben expended and there remained still sufficient amount to cover expenditure for the coming year. As far as the capital account was concerned, he said, the Imperial Bank had advanced money to cover outlays under this head. He said the estimates had passed the House unchallenged, and that the financial standing of the province was better than that of any other province in the Dominion.

A draft of the Bulk Sales act was submitted the House by Hon. Mr. Cushing, who explained that the bill would be held over tothe next session to give all opportunity for criticism and comment from all interested. Boyle (Sturgeon) and McKenzie (Macleod) characterized the bill as class legislation, giving technical advantages to the wholesalers over retail merchants. Boyle considered the wholesalers had sufficient protection now and said he would certainly oppose the bill if it came before the House.

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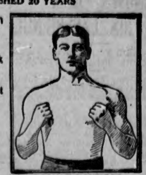
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Sound rubbings of the affected parts with this wonderful balm will drive out all pain, reduce swelling, strengthen the skin and tissues (enabling them to resist cold and damp better during the winter months), and restore perfect elasticity and looseness.

MONTREAL LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Frances Wyatt, of 25, Guy Avenue, Montreal, says:—"I have found Zam-Buk most soothing and valuable in a very bad case of rheumatism, and also for stiffness of joints and muscles. I suffered long and acutely from rheumatism, and tried one liniment after another in vain. I also took medicines internally, but it remained for Zam-Buk to effect a cure.

"I began applying this balm whenever I felt the aches and pains of rheumatism coming on, or felt any of the stiffness.

"The result was truly wonderful. Zam-Buk seemed to penetrate to the very seat of the pains, driving them out completely, and I am now quite cured."

WHAT ICE HOUSES AND STEAM DID FOR HIM.

Mr. P. G. Wells, of 338, Ogden Street, Fort William, Ont., says:—"Following my duties in attending to passenger trains, I often get wet through with rain and steam (the latter in winter). This with hours of duty in icehouses in summer, was no doubt the cause of my contracting rheumatism in both knees, left arm, and shoulder. This got so bad that I could no longer work and was laid off on three different occasions for several weeks during which I was under the treatment of my doctor. I seemed to get little if any better, no matter what I tried, and this was my state when Zam-Buk was recommended to me. I laid in a supply, and to my great joy it began to cure me. I rubbed it well in every night, and when a few boxes had been used I found I was free from the pain and stiffness of rheumatism. I have had no more trouble from the disease."

Zam-Buk is a positive and certain cure for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, piles, festering sores, ulcers, scalds, blood-poisoning, eczema, scabs, chapped hands, cold cracks, chilblains, ringworm, scalp sores, bad leg, diseased ankles, and all other skin diseases and injuries. Rubbed well into the parts affected, it cures neuralgia, rheumatism, and sciatica. All druggists and stores sell at 50 c. box, three for $1·25 or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse the harmful imitations sometimes represented to be "just as good."

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THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

BOND GOVERNMENT IS FORCED TO RESIGN.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld., Feb. 25.—Late Tuesday evening Sir Robert Bond, premier of Newfoundland, announced to his followers that he had asked the governor for a dissolution of the legislature. This was refused, and the government may resign today. A royal gazette extraordinary, issued at 9 p.m. Wednesday, postpones the meeting of the legislature, called for today, until March the [illegible]th. Premier Bond's organ stated that it would make an important announcement today, but none has appeared yet.

It is the general impression that the opposition leader, Sir Edward Morris, will be called upon to form a new administration. In the recent election the two parties were returned at equal strength, each side electing eighteen members. Last week the members of the government party sent a letter to Sir Robert Bond pledging themselves to stand by him but suggesting that the only practical solution of the present deadlock was an early appeal to the electors. This latter course was followed by the premier.

FINDS A LOOPHOLE FOR THE STANDARD OIL.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25.—The famous case of the United tSates government against the Standard Oil company of Indiana has dropped in a day from one in which a fine of $29,240,000 was possible to one in which the highest fine that can be assessed in the event of a conviction is $720,000. This comes about by an informal ruling made today by Judge A. B. Anderson, who is presiding at the retrial of the case. The original number of units of offence on which the Standard Oil company of Indiana was found guilty of rebating was 1,462. The maximum—one in which bottles of gin took the fine for each offence was $20,000, and the fine imposed by Judge Landis, $29,240,000. The number of units of offence under Judge Anderson's ruling made yesterday is 36. The maximum fine for each offence in the event of conviction in the trial now in progress is $20,000. The total amount of fine possible is $720,000. The government's contention is that every shipment of oil from Whiting, Ind., to East St. Louis, Ill., on which rebates are alleged to have been given constitutes an offence. The Standard Oil's contention is that the offense, if offense there be, was continuous, hence there was only one offense. Judge Anderson's ruling is that each time a settlement is alleged to have been made only constitutes an offense; there are said to have been 36 settlements made for rebating.

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Combination Sets—Brush, Soap, etc. $6.50 to $50.00.

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PRSIDEENT-ELECT COMPLETES HIS CABINET.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—President-elect Taft permitted the announcement today that Franklin MacVeagh had accepted the portfolio of the treasury. This completes the cabinet, which will be as follows: Secretary of State, Philander Chase Knox, Pennsylvania; Secretary of the Treasury, Franklin Macveagh, Illinois; Secretary of War, Jacob McGavock Dickinson, Illinois; Postmaster General; Frank H. Hitchcock, Massachussetts; Attorney General, George W. Wickersham, New York; Secretary of the Navy, Geo. Von L. Meyer, Massachusetts; Secretary of Interior, R. A. Ballinger, Washington; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, Iowa; Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Chas. Nagle, Missouri.